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December 16-29 1982

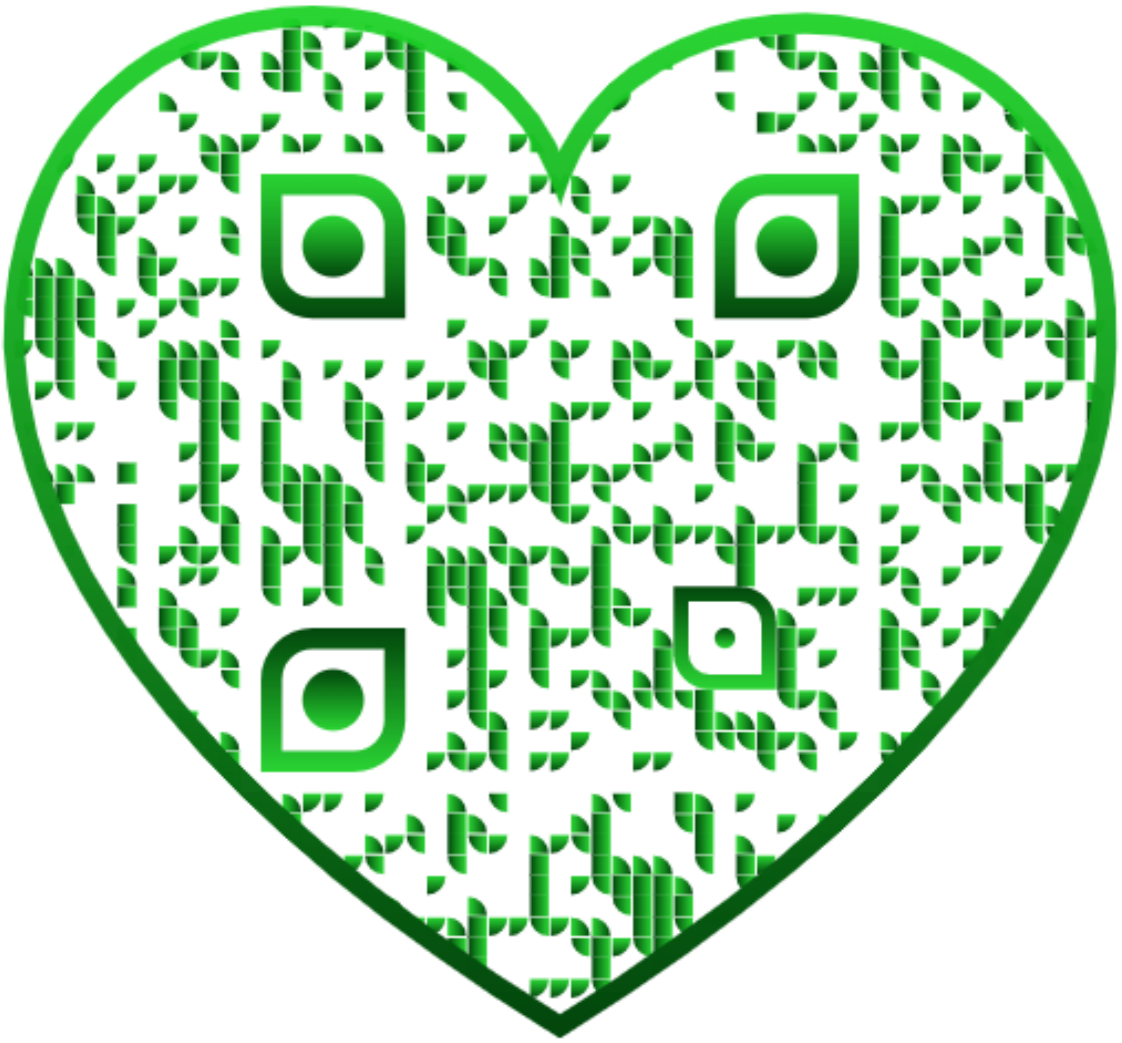
KERRANG!

KERRISTMAS KRACKUP!

SAXON: pic by Fin Costello

SAXON!
RAINBOW!
TORONTO!
SPIDER!
SLADE!
JUDY TZUKE!
DUMPY!
ROSE TATTOO!
VANDENBERG!

QUIZ: "ARE YOU GROSS ENOUGH?"



The official HM charts specially compiled for Kerrang! from a nationwide survey of 50 specialist shops

ALBUMS

1	1	FROM THE MAKERS OF ... **Status Quo** Vertigo
2	8	SAINTS AN' SINNERS **Whitesnake** Liberty

pic by George Bodnar

3	—	TALK OF THE DEVIL **Ozzy Osbourne** Jet
4	4	ASSAULT ATTACK **Michael Schenker** Chrysalis
5	6	GET NERVOUS **Pat Benatar** Chrysalis
6	2	CREATURES OF THE NIGHT **Kiss** Casablanca
7	3	BORROWED TIME **Diamond Head** MCA
8	13	RESTLESS AND WILD **Accept** CNR import
9	5	CORRIDORS OF POWER **Gary Moore** Virgin
10	16	LONG AFTER DARK **Tom Petty** MCA
11	9	COMPLETELY FREE **Free** Island
12	10	HUGHES AND THRALL **Hughes & Thrall** Boulevard
13	7	CHOOSE YOUR MASQUES **Hawkwind** RCA
14	—	SCARRED FOR LIFE **Rose Tattoo** Carrere
15	18	BLACK PEARL **Pat Travers** Polydor
16	28	DEATH PENALTY **Witchfinder General** Heavy Metal
17	19	PLUG IT IN **Mama's Boys** Albion
18	12	ASIA **Asia** Geffen
19	14	SIGNALS **Rush** Mercury
20	15	TOO FAST FOR LOVE **Mötley Crüe** Elektra
21	11	MAGIC **Gillan** Virgin
22	17	DELIVER US FROM EVIL **Budgie** RCA
23	26	ESCAPE **Journey** CBS
24	24	PICTURES AT ELEVEN **Robert Plant** Swansong
25	25	VOLUMEN BRUTAL **Baron Rojo** Kamaflage
26	—	TANE CAIN **Tané Cain** RCA import
27	23	FLAT OUT **Buck Dharma** Portrait import
28	—	AMERICAN FOOL **John Cougar** Riva
29	21	UNDER THE BLADE **Twisted Sister** Secret
30	—	DIAMOND DREAMER **Picture** Back Door import
31	21	POWER OF THE HUNTER **Tank** Kamaflage
32	30	TWIN BARRELS BURNING **Wishbone Ash** A&M
33	27	ROCK IN A HARD PLACE **Aerosmith** CBS
34	29	BLACK TIGER **Y&T** A&M
35	32	BATTLE HYMNS **Manowar** Liberty
36	22	ROCK AND ROLL GYPSIES **Spider** RCA
37	39	VANDENBERG **Vandenberg** Atlantic
38	33	WORLDS APART **Saga** Portrait
39	—	COUP D'ETAT **Plasmatics** Capitol
40	—	SELF DESTRUCTION BLUES **Hanoi Rocks** Joahanna

IMPORT ALBUMS

1	RESTLESS AND WILD **Accept** CNR
2	HUGHES AND THRALL **Hughes & Thrall** Boulevard
3	TANE CAIN **Tané Cain** RCA
4	FLAT OUT **Buck Dharma** Portrait
5	DIAMOND DREAMER **Picture** Back Door
6	EXECUTION **Bullet** Lark
7	KNICKERS DOWN **Buxx** Panther
8	IN FOR THE COUNT **Balance** Portrait
9	TRACKS **Wrabit** MCA
10	LETHAL **Nytro** Hacksaw

All charts compiled by MRIB

SINGLES

1	1	HERE I GO AGAIN **Whitesnake** Liberty
2	2	MARKET SQUARE HEROES **Marillion** EMI
3	4	JACK AND DIANE **John Cougar** Riva
4	3	CAROLINE (LIVE) **Status Quo** Vertigo
5	6	SOLE SURVIVOR **Asia** Geffen

pic by Dave Burton

6	10	HEAVY METAL ROCK 'N' ROLL **Rock Goddess** A&M
7	5	SUBDIVISIONS **Rush** Mercury
8	7	ALL RIGHT NOW **Free** Island
9	12	I'VE BEEN YOUR FOOL **Lynyrd Skynyrd** MCA
10	9	CHAINS **Judas Priest** CBS
11	14	YOU GOT LUCKY **Tom Petty** MCA
12	8	STONE IN LOVE **Journey** CBS
13	—	MAKING TRACKS **Tygers Of Pan Tang** MCA
14	11	SHOORAH SHOORAH **Bernie Tormé** Kamaflage
15	—	KILLER **Kiss** Casablanca
16	18	BACK TO EARTH **Magnum** Jet
17	—	(AND NOW – THE WALTZ) C'EST LA VIE/MERRY XMAS EVERYBODY (LIVE) **Slade** RCA
18	—	TALKIN' 'BOUT ROCK 'N' ROLL **Spider** RCA
19	13	LONG GONE **Gillan** Virgin
20	16	THAT'S ENTERTAINMENT **Silverwing** Mayhem
21	22	TWILIGHT ZONE **Golden Earring** Mercury
22	—	IN THE HEAT OF THE NIGHT **Mama's Boys** Albion
23	15	AMERICAN HEARTBEAT **Survivor** Scotti Bros
24	17	CRASH BANG WALLOP **Raven** Neat
25	23	IN THE HEAT OF THE NIGHT **Diamond Head** MCA
26	19	LIFE ON THE RUN **Samson** Polydor
27	24	OPENING RITUAL **Cloven Hoof** Elimental
28	28	SILVER MACHINE **Hawkwind** RCA
29	26	ALWAYS GONNA LOVE YOU **Gary Moore** Virgin
30	20	BURNING DOWN ONE SIDE **Robert Plant** Swansong

LOCAL CHART

1	DON'T TAKE ME FOR A LOSER, **Gary Moore,** from 'Corridors Of Power' (Virgin)
2	TRUTH DRUG, **Budgie,** from 'Deliver Us From Evil', (RCA)
3	SHOORAH, SHOORAH, **Bernie Torme** (Kamaflage 45)
4	HERE I GO AGAIN, **Whitesnake,** (Liberty 4)
5	BLACK FURS, **Judie Tzuke,** from 'Road Noise', (Chrysalis)
6	GET OUT OF MY HOUSE, **Kate Bush,** from 'The Dreaming', (EMI)
7	DESERT SONG, **MSG,** from 'Assault Attack', (Chrysalis)
8	MARKET SQUARE HEROES, **Marillion,** (EMI 45)
9	LIFE ON THE RUN, **Samson,** (Polydor 45)
10	SUBDIVISIONS, **Rush,** from 'Signals' (Mercury)
11	BITCHES BREW, **Aerosmith,** from 'Rock In A Hard Place', (Columbia)
12	YOU'RE GONNA BREAK MY HEART AGAIN, **Gary Moore,** from 'Corridors Of Power' (Virgin)
13	STAR, **Bernie Torme & Electric Gypsies,** (Kamaflage 45)
14	DON'T CRY, **Budgie** from 'Deliver Us From Evil' (RCA)
15	BLIND MEN & FOOLS, **Tytan,** (Kamaflage 45)
16	BACK ON THE STREETS (LIVE), **Gary Moore,** (Virgin 45)
17	BLOODY LUXURY, **Whitesnake,** (Liberty 45)
18	FOREVER, **Y&T,** from 'Black Tiger' (A&M)
19	ANOTHER THING COMIN', **Judas Priest,** from 'Screaming For Vengeance' (CBS)
20	SAMURAI, **MSG,** from 'Assault Attack', (Chrysalis)

Compiled by John Brent, DJ at the Headbangers Ball, Civic Hall, Wood St, Heywood, Gtr Manchester

KERRANG!

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SAMMY HAGAR

NEW ALBUM & CASSETTE

THREE LOCK BOX

GEFFEN RECORDS

Album: GEF 25254 Cassette: GEF 40-25254

Sheron and Holly... the Heart-breakers?

Sheron Alton and Holly Woods of TORONTO (pictured opposite) are out to getcha

NO PUBLICITY, however sly, sneaky or sick, could have planned a better opening move. Child pornography, weeny-bop prostitution – when you enter those particular gateways, then media exposure on an almost hysterical level is yours for the asking. And if you doubt my words, then just try talking to Toronto!

When this Canadian sextet first came on the scene back in 1980, their debut album caused pandemonium both in Canada and the US – or at least the cover did. Depicting a rather 'too knowing' young girl (no more than ten years old, surely!) standing on a sleazy street corner, under the LP title of 'Lookin' For Trouble', the resultant uproar was deafening in the extreme.

Lead guitarist Sheron Alton recalls those days, with less than complete enthusiasm: "In Canada, they freaked out at the sleeve. We were mentioned on TV programmes about child pornography, for example. And in the States, some women's groups tried to get the album banned."

Eventually, when said LP trickled out in England, it was with a drastically altered cover. "I must admit that I've seen worse sleeves than our original one. But, you know, this whole pornography thing wasn't intentional just to get publicity. We were just so excited about having an album out that we never bothered to check the artwork properly.

"Besides, everything had to be done at great speed, and the idea of a little girl dressed in her mother's clothes sounded fine at the time – if only we'd known how it was gonna turn out!"

Yet, if the sleeve proved controversial, then the music was hot, hard, and heavy. Indeed, it was undoubtedly one of 1980's genuine high-spots. Twin guitarists Brian Allen and London-born Ms Alton were efficiently captivating, Scott Kreyer weaved neatly compact keyboard patterns, the rhythm section of bassist Nickie Costello plus Jim Fox (drums) boomed, and Holly Woods gave a vocal performance of real torch-carrying stature.

The Toronto-based outfit (well, where else would you expect them to be from – Aylesbury?) put out the LP on the then newly-formed Solid Gold label in their home territory and on A&M for the remainder of the world.

As Sheron explains "it sold really well in Canada, going gold (about 50,000 sales), and has now done about 160-170,000 copies so far."

But . . . the rest of the globe didn't exactly get the Toronto message. Maybe part of the problem was the drawing of obvious comarisons (less than complimentary at that) to Heart.

"Yeah, this did affect us badly in the early days and doubtless when we finally come to England and also start touring the States, then we'll find the problem still exists. But In Canada we've now come out of Heart's shadow."

In all honesty, there's a vast gulf between Heart and Toronto – the former are more measured and production-orientated than the latter, who tend to place far more emphasis on dynamics and energy. Yet it has to be said that Toronto didn't help their crusade for recognition in their own right by releasing last year such a thoroughly disappointing LP in the form of Terry Brown-produced 'Head On', on which vinyl disaster Toronto DO sound like a poor person's Heart.

"I'd agree that 'Head On' was a let-down for us," admits the lovely lead axewoman. "Part of the reason might have been down to internal strife over musical direction between Nickie and Jim on one hand and the rest of us on the other. Consequently, there was little cohesion. We also spent too much time on the production side of things, and didn't come up with sufficient good material. And I think the public obviously felt the same way as it only sold about 110,000 copies in Canada."

Well, whatever the excuses for this somewhat numbing vinyl blow, everything in the Toronto garden is a lot rosier now. For, the third instalment in this continuing saga, the Steve Smith-produced 'Get It On Credit', is in Sheron's words "more rock and more energy than the second album. It's much more in line with 'Lookin' For Trouble'. We've actually left in some of the flaws to give it a rawer, more live feel."

Clearly the recent departure of Costello and Fox (before 'Get It . . .' was cut) has given Toronto (to paraphrase Skynyrd) 'back their bullets'. New boys Gary Allonde (bass) and Barry Connors (drums) are much more 'the business' as are melodic songs like 'Run For Your Life' and 'Start Telling The Truth'.

'Get In On Credit' (an apt phrase for the modern era?) represents Toronto's first liaison in the US with small label Network.

"We've signed with this company 'cos they aren't huge and therefore can give us more personal attention than A&M ever could – there are just three acts on the label altogether! Al Coury, who owns the company, actually promoted the Beatles when they first came out to the US, so we couldn't have a better person behind us!"

In Britain, 'Credit' is soon to be released on Epic, and plans ARE afoot in theory for Ms Alton and colleagues to heave themselves over here soon.

"I really wanna come and play. Being English by birth means that I, for one, would dearly love to make it in the UK."

Perhaps someone, somewhere will follow up Toronto's obvious interest in a Brit tour, and make sure they get over before the year is out. Howzabout a double-header with the fabbo LA outfit Storm? In the meantime, check out 'Get It On Credit' – it certainly shows just why Toronto are, alongside Anvil, the most talked-about new Canuck hard rock band on the scene.

MALCOLM DOME

all pix by Chris Walter

HOLLY WOODS

SHERON ALTON

Saxon's Christ

by CHRIS WELCH

EH OOP lads, what does Biff Byford drink for Christmas – real ale or Yorkshire bitter? "Nay lad, two gallons of batter pudding mixture," says his side kick Graham Oliver.

Biff winces. It may be the festive season but he doesn't want to overdo the Yorkshire image. "I wouldn't mind if they blew up every brewery in the country," he booms, as I prepare to smother Saxon in buckets of yuletide snow.

It seems a strange way to make a living, I muse, as I lean over the group from my position atop a twenty foot ladder. The boys are clad in what looks like the costumes from Leeds Empire's production of Aladdin, all silk and gold lame, while Paul Quinn has gone mad and blacked up his face, the more to resemble an authentic Wise Man.

There were, according to my reading of religious history, only Three Wise Men, but as the whole of Saxon have turned up for the picture session, save the wisest of the lot, drummer Nigel Glockner, they all join in the posing for lensman, Fin Costello.

It was Fin who furnished costumes, snow and smoke in the basement of his Islington studio, and Saxon who provided the goodwill and seasonal greetings. They were richly rewarded with several hundredweight of plastic flakes dumped on them from a great height, which I heaved to cries of: "More snow – keep it coming!" It covered their hair, clothes and boots until they began to look like victims of some industrial pollution accident.

They needed to make the most of their pre-Christmas fun however, because Saxon, hard workers all, spend most of their time on the road, bashing out Heavy Metal and keeping up the pressure in a fiercely competitive world.

This year they've been blasting non-stop – endless tours of America, rock festivals in Britain and recording and mixing sessions. Although they seem a bit shell-shocked by the need to keep on the battlefront, they're still the same blunt, honest and cheerful bunch of mates who richly deserve greater glory in the Metal history of the world.

Just as I was about to talk to Steve, Paul and Graham about the future of the band, there came a great crashing at the door.

"That's Biff," said Graham. "Aye he's got a loud knock. We always think its police when he comes to our house. He's just a naturally loud person in everything he does."

While we were waiting for Biff to cease demolishing the front

pic by Fin Costello

nas message

"Leave it out, we're Saxon, not Blizzard of Oz. . ."

door, Graham told how they'd been to America no less than six times during 1982. Why were they spending so much time abroad – was it simply the work and money, or were they trying to get into the Guinnes Book of Records?

"We're still trying to break there really," said Graham. "This trip is just for recording and we'll spend a month in the studios. Jeff Glixman is going to be our producer. He did Gary Moore's last album and he's a bit of an Anglophile. He's been to see us in concert."

Said Steve: "He's liked us for a long time, and he's into English bands, especially the guitarists. We were just one of the bands he's always wanted to work with. We've always produced ourselves ih the past, but decided to bring in someone else this time. We decided on Jeff and he's great. We're not aiming for anything drastically different – just an improvement. In one week we flew the Atlantic three times, hence the bags under the eyes."

Saxon certainly need a break and are adamant they'll spend their Christmas at home. Said Steve: "I think we'll be four weeks in the studio and then have to mix the tracks afterwards. It depends really. When we did 'Wheels Of Steel', it only took two weeks to record and another week to mix. That were it.

"So we want to do the next one quickly. You get stale if you keep going over things. We like to get things down first or second take, but sometimes that's impossible. On our first album there's a track called 'Judgement Day'. We had 33 attempts at that one.

"We just kept making mistakes," said Graham, "and began to get paranoid. On the next album we've all contributed to each track, whether its a lyric or guitar part. Same as always. We've got 14 songs ready and we'll probably choose ten."

Will it be as heavy as previous albums?

"Hopefully. It's gonna be called 'The Power And The Glory', and that track is typical Saxon," said Biff. "This is our sixth album in three years. The reason we've done that is so that when you go into a record shop you find a Saxon file. We were sick of going in and seeing everyone else with their own bin. We used to be filed under 'S'.

"I've just got a recording of Radio Clyde who recorded us up in Glasgow. Excellent. Brilliant. So if we can get hold of that . . . well there's another source for us."

I surmised that Biff was hatching plans to use it for Volume II of the Saxon live album sage.

"The audience was star of tape. We're thinking of bringing out an album next year that's half live and half studio. There'll be some songs over from 'Power' and we've got all this live material. And the Radio Clyde stuff really is good – on a par with our own recordings. The drums and bass are superb."

Said Steve: "There are actually three Saxon bootleg albums out at the moment, one from England and two from Japan."

How did the band feel about such pirating of their music – was it an accolade or an outrage?

"I'm totally . . . not bothered said Graham somewhat glumly.

"People complain because of the quality." said Biff. "and that bothers us. We've heard lots of bootleg tapes where the audience is louder than the band. But there was such a demand for bootlegs of the band "live" we had to put our own album out.

"Were committed to live work anyway, and its no good people telling us: 'If you do a commercial song it'll get played on the radio, and then you'll have a platinum album'. That's bullshit as far as we're concerned . We're committed to playing live in America, like we do here and everywhere else. The albums should sell because we are good."

Have Saxon albums charted there yet?

"Oh ay, in the bottom end of the Top 200.' But you've got to remember that album sales in America are huge and with a number one you're talking about millions. We've suffered a lot from imports to America as well."

Saxon are well liked on the American Heavy Metal underground circuit and as soon as their albums are released here they get exported to Stateside specialist shops where all the potential Saxon fans get them.

Said Graham: "They even import copies of *Kerrang!* which sell for like three dollars in all the record shops. 'The Eagle Has Landed' hasn't been released in America yet, but just about everybody has got it. So that's why our next LP will be a world-wide release on one day."

But enough of such commercial trifles, what about Christmas? How will the Saxon hordes be celebrating "Oh we're planning on going home," said Biff dryly, looking underwhelmed with enthusiasm.

Said Steve: "They're trying to get us to do a gig in Greenland on Christmas day. Something to do with a sled and reindeer. But I think somebody else has got that gig. We always try to get home for Christmas. The only time we ever worked at Christmas was when we played the working men's clubs, years ago, and that was because we could get double money."

Biff looked more interested: "Christmas is like sacred to us. It's the only period when we can get time to ourselves."

I'd envisaged wild booze ups in the dales and moors, but they didn't seem all that keen about the prospect. 'Oh there'll probably be some drinking,' said Graham. 'Biff drinks his Yorkshire pudding batter. But basically we'll be relaxing, and eating mince pies.'

Biff said he had found a new home and will spend his time moving furniture and fittings.

"It took him ages to find a big 'un with outside bog,' said Graham, who was sounding more and more like Les Dawson.

"I've got an inside bog and an outside house," laughed Biff. "No I've got three bogs. I've converted bedrooms into bogs."

I was still convinced that Biff must be a reet Yorkshire boozer and tried to tackle him on the subject of real ale, feeling sure he would leap into a long dissertation on the wonders of Tatlock's Brassic Ales.

Instead, grumbled Biff: "I don't drink it. There are pubs that only sell real ale. But I'm not particularly into ale – period. it wouldn't make any difference to me if every brewery blew up tomorrow. I know people like a pint, and I used to drink beer, but I never liked it. I only drank to be one of the lads."

So it will be a generally quiet, but very WISE Christmas with Saxon. What then are their plans for the New Year?

"There is talk of doing a gig which we will film for a commercial video," revealed Biff. "And we are talking about doing a gig in wales as well, which we missed out on our last tour, when the gig collapsed. The video is one of out top priorities. We want it to be a good one with live footage, backstage stuff and bits of promotional videos."

Wasn't there a danger of revealing their stage act to everybody at once with a video on general sale?

"Well our stage act changes every tour anyway. We'd do a special production for the video. You mean like 'Video Kills The Rock Band? It would be pointless to give away all our ideas on one video.

"And you've got to remember in some countries they haven't seen us anyway so we want to give 'em a taste of Saxon. And I don-t think they'd get bored with watching somebody set fire to a guitar. The visual will go down well and of course the songs".

continues page 39

I'm dreaming of a

"Ex-Babys vocalist makes tasty solo LP" sez HOWARD JOHNSON

THE BABYS. Whenever I hear the name it conjures up images of the absolute peak in hard rock; a band easily ranking alongside such power perfectionists as Kiss and Journey.

During their five album career they consistently astounded and amazed me with their dynamic brand of top class hooks and technical rock excellence and, although the group never performed live in the UK, it has to be exposed here and now that the Babys were quintessentially English – and certainly something which we UK citizens can justifiably be proud of.

Lend your ears to 'Turn And Walk Away' or 'She's My Girl' from The Babys' epitaph (as it turned out) 'On The Edge'; listen to 'Back On My Feet Again', contained on the masterful 'Union Jacks' release, or the band's two hit singles 'Isn't It Time?' and 'Every Time I Think Of You', and you'll surely be drunk with the delights contained therein.

It would certainly be a pleasure to give you a Dickensian-length analysis of the individuals who made the music, the albums, the tours and even what colour the Babys' socks were, but the dictates of space in your favourite paper signify that we must concentrate on John Waite, erstwhile vocalist and occasional bassist in this mighty band, who is now 'back on his feet again' after the Babys fall with a solo LP. It's one tasteful aural smash 'n' grab delivered by a tight band with oddles of confidence.

Along with Paul Stanley and Steve Perry, I have great respect for John as a writer of elevated class and as a singer (English at that!) of rare gem-like quality. To meet him was all my pleasure.

Yet there he sits, in Chrysalis Records' interview room, sporting cropped hair, shoes of the hiking (!) variety and romper suit of sorts. In short, not what you'd expect of the normal hard rock vocalist. Then again John Waite is exceptional. What kind of an audience is he aiming at now?

"I don't know, you tell me. I just make the sounds."

But isn't the image important?'

"Is it? Yeah, of course it is," he smiles, "but you can't pretend. You have to be who you are. Y'see, I roll my own and I drink beer ... but I read Proust and I play the piano, I'm just a lot of contradictions."

And all this pronounced in a broad Lancashire accent which automatically endears itself to this exiled Northerner.

"All I can do is be myself on every level. If I say f*** on the radio occasionally ... so what? I just want to be real. What you see is what you get and I'm not prepared to change. At last I'm being myself."

Does "at last" mean that it wasn't the real John Waite performing in the Babys? With such output I can hardly believe it.

"No, I don't mean it like that, but in a band situation you have to answer to all the other guys. If I'd have said: 'the Pope's a –' then, the band as a whole would have had to live with it, and if you're a responsible human being you can't do that. It's not right.

"I had a song which was a very graphic vision of the social situation regarding Vietnam and drugs and all kinds of other heavy material. It stated that God doesn't exist and the band almost had a collective breakdown over it. They wouldn't have felt 20/20 with me going out on stage and doing that to them."

The song is titled 'Jesus Are You There?', a truly memorable number from the 'Union Jacks' album, but was originally and more poignantly named 'Jesus Isn't There'.

"Things will endure now because I don't have to answer to anyone for what I do."

Which leads me to wonder why such an excellent band as the Babys finally called it a day?

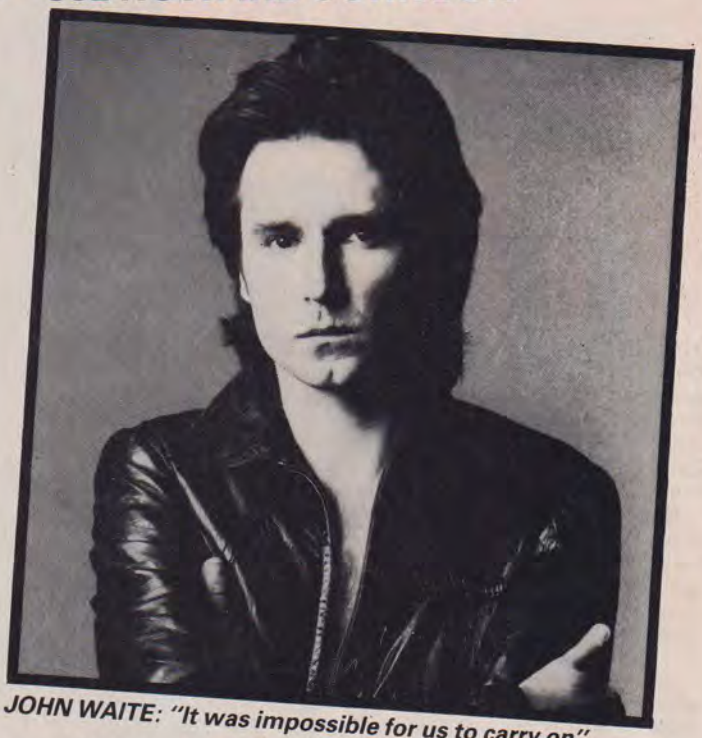
"It was great afterwards to hear people like yourself saying how much they liked the group but it was simply impossible for us to carry on. I fought the world to keep that band together but I stopped believing and that is the time when it should end ... and it did.

"I've never had a moment when I wake up at night and think: 'God, I wish that had never happened!', 'cos that would have been terrible! I gave it the best shot I had.

"We were doing 'Midnight Rendezvous' during the encore one night, and I did a leap and bust a cartilage in my knee. I tried to keep it together by performing on crutches the next night but I collapsed and couldn't keep on.

"While this was going on Jay (Jonathan Caine) was offered the keyboard job in Journey and Wally (Stocker) and Tony (Brock) were really anxious to do something different although they weren't sure what. We went down in flames. There was only one way I was gonna leave the Babys and that was in a wheelchair – that's how it happened."

John has been spending the last month or so in his original Lake District home writing material for his second solo album, the follow-up to the outstanding 'Ignition'. Ignite it certainly does, veering slightly from the Babys' repertoire towards a more esoteric, personal style, while always retaining that commercial (and that ain't no dirty word!) edge.



pic by George Bodnar

JOHN WAITE: "It was impossible for us to carry on"

The chugging, hard-tinged rock 'n' roll in its simplest form that John displays here with guitarists Ivan Kral and Tim Pierce, bassist Donnie Nossov and drummer Frankie La Rocka, really deserves more attention than it receives in this land of pap and crap. 'Change', 'Mr Wonderful' and 'Going To The Top, are so worthy of praise that it's damned frustrating to see them ignored. Maybe a British tour would rectify matters, especially in view of the fact that the Babys never once managed to tread UK boards. Can John see it?

"No, can you? If Chrysalis had released 'Mr Wonderful' as a single then maybe, but it's not too late for that, you never know. I've been trying to play here for the last six years. Whenever I asked my manager why we weren't playing Britain his reply was always: "stop shouting". That's how much I wanted to play here.

"I've just played to 75,000 people in Florida and while it was wonderful, I would've got more out of playing The Marquee. I'm, too used to playing big venues."

I really believe him as he bubbles on ...

"You know what I'd love to do tonight? Go and play the Marquee and then get really pissed! I'd feel like a million dollars. Success to me would be to do a full tour here and not even do too well, just OK, enough to pay the rent. Trouble is, all my success has been in America, Japan and Australia."

Well at least some people have got taste! Howzabout the English scene at the moment?!

"There are lots of things happening here now that I'm not really in tune with. My era was solely belting lyrics down the mike and aiming for some kind of soul vibe, and I still believe in it now. I owe it all to Steve Marriott, Paul Rodgers, Wilson Pickett and Percy Sledge. After that, I owe it to myself, but it was those guys who told me to go forth and sing.

"I don't care about fashion; those people were really plying their trade and craft. It's eternal because they really meant it!" And hard rock in general?

"It lacks melody, and isn't that embarrassing? A chord, E chord, E chord, A chord. There are no melodies, no counterpoints, no harmonies and it's really cheap ... really cheap! I've always wanted to do more than three-chord-wonder stuff and it's down there on vinyl .. the proof!"

It's all so true. Hopefully you're now convinced about the mine of talent that is John Waite. Yet there's more, so much more about John and the Babys that deserves to be told. If you'd like a full blown Babys discography and info., then get those pens into gear and let me know personally, I'd be only too happy to oblige.

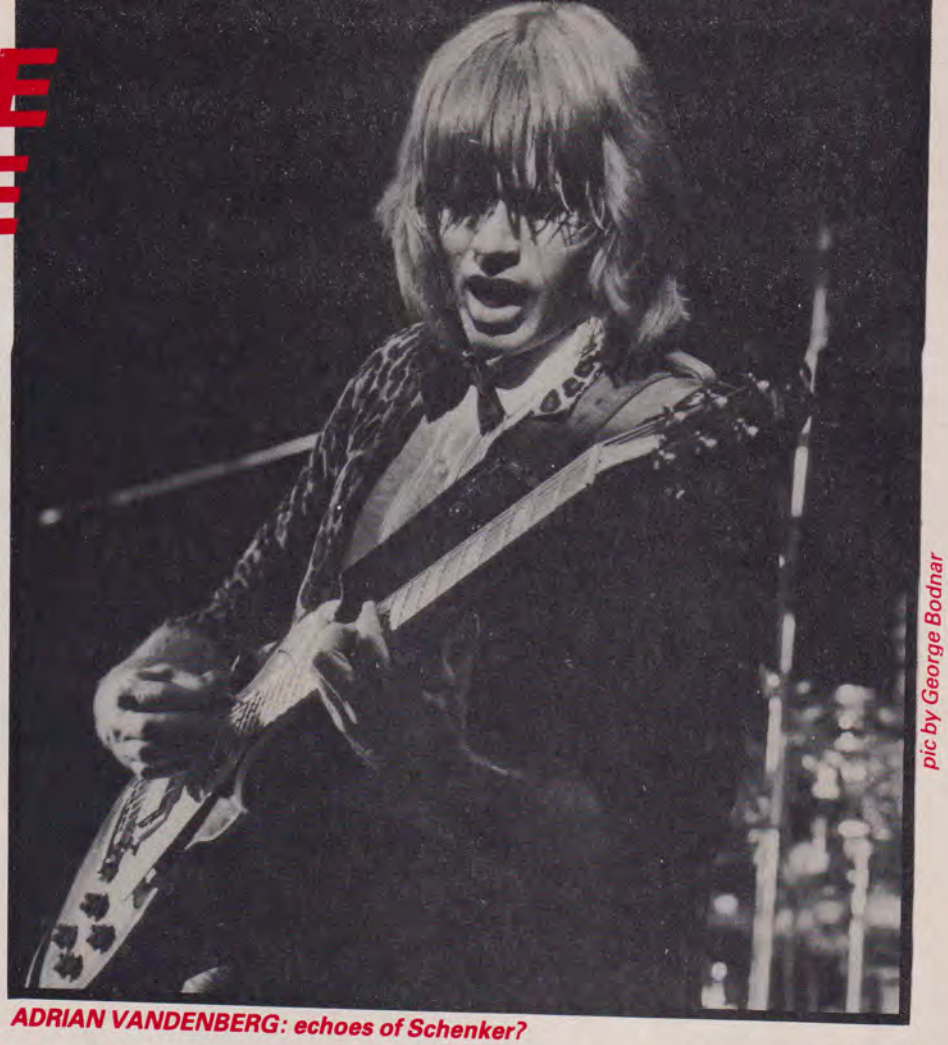
Waite Christmas

PASS THE DUTCHIE

Steve Gett checks out VANDENBERG

THE INFLUX of Dutch heavy rock bands onto the British music scene has been extremely limited in the past. The only successful names that immediately spring to mind being Focus and Golden Earring, though both of those acts really made their mark back in the early 70's.

Consequently, it was indeed a proud moment for Adrian Vandenberg when he and his band made their debut appearance on these shores at the opening date of Michael Schenker's 1982 UK tour in Bristol.



pic by George Bodnar

ADRIAN VANDENBERG: echoes of Schenker?

"It's the first time we've ever played here and it's very exciting," enthused the Dutch guitarist, songwriter and founder member of Vandenberg in the dressing room after the show.

"As you probably know, Holland has been very strongly influenced by British music – people like The Beatles, The Stones and Zeppelin. But at the same time it's very difficult to break out of the country.

"Even if you manage to get a deal with a Dutch record company, then it's still a tough battle. What happens is that they'll bring out the album in Holland and see what it sells before offering it to other labels around the world. If they eventually do that, people will want to know how much it's sold. It might have done 6,000, which is good for Holland, but not that impressive elsewhere, so subsequently the other labels will want to wait before making a decision. That goes on and on and in the end you never really get anywhere."

Vandenberg were fortunate in that they were able to by-pass such problems by getting a direct deal with a worldwide label. To cut a long story short, their manager Kees Bars (formerly one of Holland's leading rock journalists) sent a tape of the band to Phil Carson at Atlantic Records in the UK. Carson was suitably impressed and before long he'd signed the group to the label.

"We were lucky in the way things turned out," states Adrian, "but at the same time I was determined to try it this way. Before Vandenberg came together, I had a group called Teaser which wasn't too good – it was OK – but the standard was getting better and better. The trouble was though that, as we progressed, it appeared to be getting harder and harder to break out of Holland.

"I think a lot of Dutch bands think they've reached the point where they can't do any better which is totally wrong. What they don't realise is that, because Holland is so small, they've got to try and break out. Some bands don't think that way but I was determined not to be limited to one country."

Shortly after securing the deal with Atlantic, Vandenberg came to England and began recording their debut elpee at Jimmy Page's Sol Studios in Berkshire. How did that come about?

"It was Phil Carson's idea. He's very good friends with Jimmy, so he played him one of our tapes and it turned out that he was quite impressed. In fact Jimmy actually showed up a few times while we were recording and I thought he was a very nice bloke.

"He helped out a bit on the psychological side – I was having a bit of trouble with my hands and he told me he used to suffer with similar problems and he helped me to relax. He was also very energetic about the music which gave us a lot of confidence."

The 'Vandenberg' album was released in Holland a couple of months ago and has recently come out in Britain through Atlantic's Atco label. There are some fine cuts featured, particularly on the second side – grab an earful of tracks like 'Ready For You' and 'Out In The Streets'.

All of the titles were penned by Adrian himself and he also provides some impressive lead work, though at times it echoes more than a few hints of Schenker. How ironic that the Dutch rockers should be opening for the German axeman on their inaugural UK visit.

"A few people have mentioned that my playing sounds a bit like his," Adrian admits, "and I do think that we have a pretty similar approach where melody is concerned. I'm certainly not trying to rip him off and I think that an important point is the fact that he and I have the same roots.

"For instance, the very first group I was in used to play a repertoire of Mountain material because I was very heavily influenced by Leslie West. And a few months ago I read that Michael was inspired by his playing as well."

On the sleeve of Vandenberg's album Michael's brother Rudolph also earns a credit and I wondered what the connection had been with the Scorpions guitarist.

Adrian: "I'd actually know him on-and-off for about two years through my manager. We met now and then and eventually he introduced us to the Cowbell Agency. That was very important for us because it helped to create a bit more interest in Britain."

Cowbell are responsible for booking MSG and it's therefore not surprising that they should have given Vandenberg the support slot. Considering the current interest in Schenker it would appear to have been a particularly lucky break for the Dutch band and judging by the crowd response at Bristol they should fare well from the venture.

Vandenberg opened their set with the electric 'Ready For You' and it wasn't long before they'd won the fans over. In fact, by the time they quit the stage after a 40-minute set they were receiving a standing ovation. To be blunt, I must confess that I wasn't totally impressed.

Musically, Vandenberg have few problems but in terms of overall stage presentation they still have a lot to learn. Lead singer Bert Heerink must take a stronger command over proceedings and encourage better communication with the crowds. I felt that too much of a burden was placed upon the guitarist, who ended up announcing all the numbers while the vocalist was left twiddling his thumbs.

A minor point maybe, but if Vandenberg aim to escalate to greater heights then all such matters will have to be sorted out. Other than that, all would appear to be going well for them. So what's in store for the future?

Adrian: "There's talk of us going to America and Canada for a three month tour, but what we really want to do is come back to Britain and do a club tour. We're getting a lot of exposure touring with Schenker – playing to about 80,000 people – and we'd like to build on that. As far as the next album is concerned, we'll probably do it in May or June of next year."

3 UNFORGETTABLE NAMES

HUGHES · THRALL

GLENN HUGHES AND PAT THRALL TEAM UP
FOR ONE HELLUVA DEBUT ALBUM

'HUGHES · THRALL'

ALBUM: EPC 25052 CASSETTE: EPC 40-25052

BUCK DHARMA

THE MAN FROM BLUE ÖYSTER CULT
BRINGS YOU HIS DEBUT SOLO ALBUM

'FLAT OUT'

ALBUM: PRT 85997
CASSETTE: PRT 40-85997

Epic

FORGET THE REST
JUST REMEMBER THESE NAMES

KUTS!

. . . our album assassination squad

SLADE
'Slade On Stage'
(RCA advance copy)

LONG LIVE Slade! Whilst many rock acts have attempted to follow and copy their brand of feisty, fast 'n' furious rock 'n' roll, there's none who come even near to Noddy's nutters. And 'Slade On Stage' gives all the reasons necessary.

Songs like 'Rock 'N Roll Preacher (Hallelujah I'm On Fire)', 'When I'm Dancing, I Ain't Fightin', 'Take Me Back 'Ome', 'Lock Up Your Daughters', 'We'll Bring The House Down', 'Goodbye T' Jane' and 'Mama We're All Crazee Now' are all absolute earth-shakin' CLASSICS, delivered with an exhilirating air of kill-thrill from da boyzz.

But that, as the bishop said to the actress is only half the fun. For, 'SOS' also displays to the limit, the real reason behind Slade's phenomenal success – they've an ability to control a crowd that defies belief. Even without visual back-up, this LP shows Slade's astonishing talents for 'working an audience' in the best possible light. Every number rapidly becomes a singalong, with scarcely any coaxing needed from the stage – how many bands can claim to be even half as successful? And, the between-song raps from Noddy Holder (the original Bishop of bludgeon) are a delight. His sense of timing is quite remarkable, having more in common with a top music-hall comic like Max Miller than any rock 'n' roller I've ever encountered.

'Slade On Stage' is an album that has restored my faith in the whole concept of 'live LPs'. Indeed, my only criticism of the entire project is – WHY HAVE RCA RESTRICTED IT TO A SINGLE RECORD RATHER THAN A TRIPLE SET!?

MALCOLM DOME

SUPERTRAMP
'... Famous Last Words...'
(A&M AMLK 63732)

YES! It's Supertramp! You can tell them a mile off and a music centre away! Roger Hodgson's querulous vocals, those strangely bright but brittle piano figures which fall under Rick Davies fingers and that sparkling fairground rhythm – put them all together and what do you get? One of the most instantly recognisable sounds in rock. One which has hardly wavered an inch since the band broke big with 'Dreamer' in the early Seventies. And one which should prove just as popular now with the release of this intriguingly titled 'Famous Last Words' album.

Of course, Supertramp may not be the most fashionable band in the book but their characteristic blend of smoothly arranged rock, subtly mixing shades of Heavy Metal and Pomp with hoedown country harmonies, a touch of jazz saxaphone and bits of 'meaningful' beat balladry (a la Lesley Duncan or Elton John) has always struck a resounding chord with that muted majority who like listening to good sounds but don't necessarily live for rock 'n' roll.

If this album breaks no new ground for Supertramp it doesn't matter because it shows they've lost none of their grip on their perennial skills and therefore it will delight (or, I suppose, disgust) as much as any of their previous releases. If only because it spells Quality with a capital Q at a time when there's precious little of it left.

It beats me how these brave British emigres manage to pull it off, holding down their majestic MORock position with such seeming ease while most of their contemporaries have either fallen under New Wave fire or else openly defected to the enemy. It could be because Supertramp only rarely poke their heads over the parapet and when they do they deliver such a finely focussed and well-aimed fusillade nobody dare write them off.

After all, how many years has it been since the remarkably fresh 'Breakfast In America' LP and its hits 'The Logical Song' and 'Take The Long Way Home'? Three at least. And how long did Supertramp fans have to wait for that one? Another three? Supertramp certainly don't suffer from over-exposure. They know how to pick their time and place and, unless I'm very much mistaken they've got their watches synchronised again with 'Famous Last Words'.

All the same it doesn't seem quite as chock full of potential hit singles as previous Supertramp albums. Only the wonderfully hypnotic 'It's Raining' sounds like it'll happen right out of the box, just add radio play and watch. But 'tramp albums always seem to shelter singles and harbour hits where you'd least expect to see them. So with songs like 'Crazy', 'C'est Le Bon' and the epic 'Waiting So Long' up their sleeve Supertramp should be in for another good run before it's time to hibernate for another three years.

CHAS DE WHALLEY

LED ZEPPELIN:
'Coda'
(Swan Song Records A0051)

CODA – Independent and often elaborate passage introduced after the natural conclusion of a movement ...

Two years after the tragic death of John Bonham and almost 14 years since the emergence of the very first Led Zeppelin album, comes 'Coda' – basically a collection of studio outtakes from the band's 1969-78 recording sessions. In typical Zeppelin style, a good deal of secrecy has shrouded the record and, aside from a series of full-page advertisements in the music press, there has been no official statement issued regarding its release. Perhaps they were keen to avoid accusations of their 'cashing-in' on Bonzo's death which might have resulted from any kind of heavy publicity campaign. Who knows?

One gets the impression that 'Coda' is intended primarily as a collector's item for the fans, and as such it's a very worthwhile affair. Far too many bands have suffered from record companies flooding the market with unwarranted product after they've ceased-to-be, and it is indeed fortunate that Zeppelin are able to maintain tight control over their output.

'Coda' comprises eight tracks, all of which were mixed by Jimmy Page at his Sol Studio in Berkshire, and kicks off with a cover version of the Ben E. King / James Bethea composition 'We're Gonna Groove'. Recorded in June '69, presumably during sessions for 'Led Zeppelin II', this is a marvellous example of raw, ballsy rock'n'roll which heralds wild guitar playing from Pagey and energetic, gutsy vocals from Robert. This is followed by the folky 'Poor Tom' which was recorded a year later at Lmndon's Olympic Studios and sees Plant contributing harmonica while Jimmy strums an acoustic.

Track three will doubtless become a firm favourite amongst Zeppelin fanatics and is a version of Willie Dixon's 'I Can't Quit You Baby', which hails from the group's soundcheck for their January 1970 Royal Albert Hall gig. It's pure blues and features outstanding contributions from Page and Plant and is infinitely better than the studio rendition on the debut LP. Bonzo's drumming at the end of the tune can only be described as explosive!

Finally, the first side is brought to a close with the vibrant 'Walter's Walk', a Page / Plant penned number which was recorded in mid-'72.

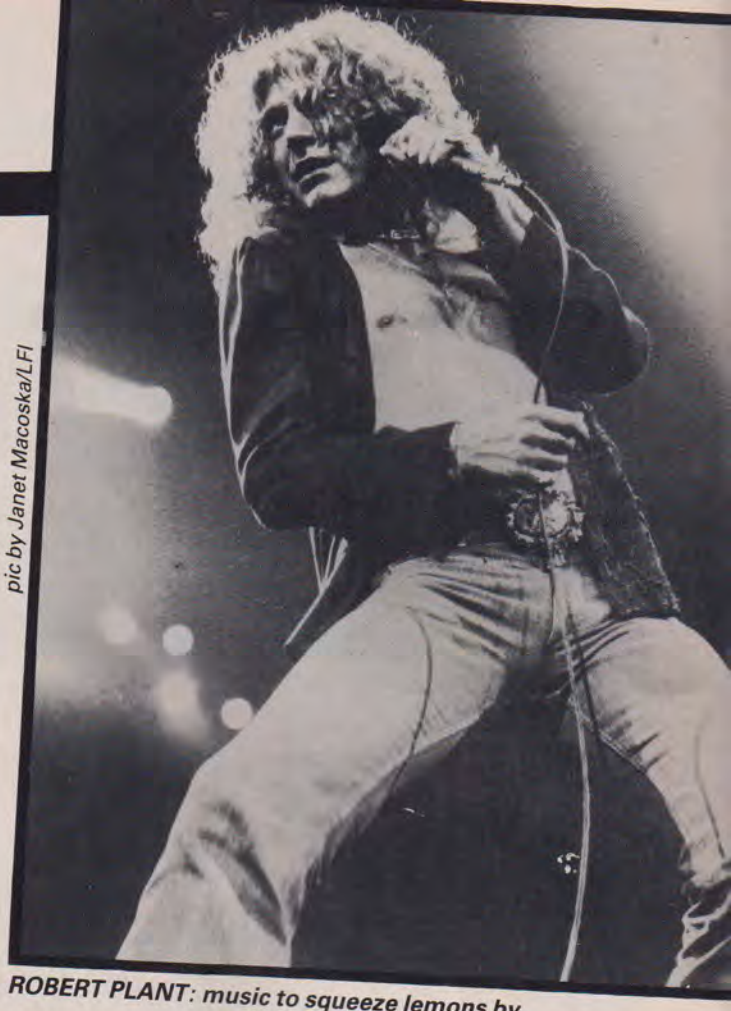
While side one focuses on the early years, the second half of 'Coda' basically centres around outtakes from the 'In Through The Outdoor' album, the last official Zeppelin release. At the time, Jimmy had stated that the group had considered releasing a single to tie in with their Knebworth gigs and one wonders whether these would have been the featured cuts. All are very good and in fact 'Wearing And Tearing' is an absolute classic. I find it hard to believe that it never made the final album especially when one recalls the inclusion of the dreaded 'Hot Dog', which I felt always marred what was in fact an excellent LP.

Aside from 'Outdoor' outtakes, the other item featured on side two of 'Coda' is the drum extravaganza 'Bonzo's Montreux'. Though I regard John Henry Bonham as the best-ever hard rock skinbeater, I must admit that I'm not particularly fond of drum solos. Nevertheless I'm sure that there are plenty of Bonham supporters out there who will relish this track and it certainly serves as a neat tribute to his skills.

My only major complaint about 'Coda' is that it could have been a double album – I'm sure that there are plenty of other unreleased Zepgems that have been witheld from us. Other than that, the record can't be faulted and those who doubt Zeppelin's force in the rock world will have to choke on their own cynicism as 'Coda' races up the charts. Indeed, it's amazing that they can put out a compilation of outtakes that sound better than many of today's 'new' rock releases.

A live anthology for '83? One can only hope so ...

STEVE GETT



pic by Janet Macoska/LFI

ROBERT PLANT: music to squeeze lemons by

LEE AARON
'Lee Aaron'
(Fantasy Import)

HANDS up all those male *Kerrang!* readers who were interested in the centrespread of Canadian songstress Lee Aaron a coupla issues back! What?! ALL of you! Hands up those who will buy the album for its cover? Ah, thought so! And for the music? Only one?! Oh dear, ye of little faith! It's time the HJ pen was wafted to tell you to reconsider, pronto!

Lee Aaron has got attributes which any of us full-blooded males would notice, but her hidden, some might even say less sexual (never – ED), talents are equally impressive. Her debut album features Rik Emmett of Triumph for those who need a known name to convince them, and contains as much melodic balls as any other recent release that I can remember. If precision riffing and guitar histrionics tempered with colour and class is what you seek, then look no further, Lee has enough of everything in those departments to win you over.

Take 'Running From His Love' for instance – a thunderous assault of Billy Big Beat drums and a rasping riff which is a tonic for the temple, all kept in line by Lee's dirty, gruff yet melodic voice. The girl claimed that she wishes

to be a 'raunchy, foxy lady' and has little difficulty in sounding just that way: "I'm hot to trot, making time with every guy" convince you? Well try "I like my rock hard – harder .. faster" and you get the picture that Lee came to grips with her sexuality early (she's only twenty now) and isn't afraid to show so in her lyrics. In general, her music is fortunately of such high quality that scoffing and letchering is merely pointless.

Personal highlights are the opening two numbers, 'Under Your Spell', featuring a tremendous harmony guitar from Emmett I believe, and 'Lonely For Your Love' where Lee excels vocally. Watch out for a sprightly lead break towards the close of 'Took Your Heart Away' too.

Points to be avoided meanwhile are the insensitively handled 'I Just Wanna Make Love To You' (listen to Foghat for the definitive version) and the rather tuneless 'Texas Outlaw'. These numbers aside, an impressive debut which will surely lead to bigger and better things. Now back to that poster!

HOWARD JOHNSON

PETER FRAMPTON
'The Art Of Control'
(A & M AMLH 64905)

WELL, this one certainly sets off in the right direction at the right blistering pace! In fact it fairly explodes out of the stereo with a good old stomping guitar riff and drums crashing squarely on the beat to suggest that Peter Frampton has found a new furrow to plough between Heavy Rock and modern American Pop – one that could take him all the way to superstardom for the third time in fourteen years.

But then the doubts set in . Even before the first track 'I Read The News' is more than a minute old the doubts set in. The song has no hook, you see. And neither do the other eight on this album. Sure, they have choruses – but they're mostly one-liners like 'An Eye For An Eye', 'Sleepwalk', 'Back To Eden' or 'Barbara's Vacation' repeated over and over again in a high voice just so you'll remember the words. ut they don't boast one memorable melody between them.

Now, excuse me, but I remember when the former face of 68, the one who showed us the way when he came alive in 75, had a knack for writing a good tune or two. Not now, my friend, not if this album controls the state of his art. Now all he can do is lash together a few hip influences – read Phil Collins, the Psychedelic Furs and U2 (honestly) – and tie them to the same boring old cliches which clog up the American airwaves and the bottom end of their charts.

In fact, Peter Frampton would be on a hiding to nothing with this album were it not for the production and the playing. The former – courtesy of Eddie Kramer – and the latter – coming to you from Messrs Mark Goldenberg (guitars and keyboards), John Regan (bass), Harry Stinson (drums) and P.F. himself (lead guitar) – meld together into a deep and rich sound with plenty of texture and the exciting tendency to stroke your ears one moment and then blow them out the next! An awful lot of time and trouble has gone into the recording and arranging of this album. If only more had gone into the writing or choosing of material. Then Peter Frampton might have been back with a vengeance. As it is ... he doesn't stand a chance.

CHAS DE WHALLEY

VARIOUS ARTISTS
'Reading Rock Vol I'
(Mean Records)

SO YOU thought that you had heard the last of Reading '82 did you? No such luck, you have seen the festival, bought the t-shirt, now hear the album.

Here for your delight (?) are some of the best moments of this years festival coupled with an awful lot of crud and only just manages to sound anything like music. And just to give it that extra bit of selling power both Whitesnake with 'Walking In The Shadow Of The Blues' and UFO 'Hot And Ready' have been pulled in from the '79 and '80 festivals respectfully.

But on to '82, the main problem with albums from festivals like Reading is the sound, something that doesn't worry most people out front who are either too pissed or stoned to notice, and also the fact that Reading is a festival and not a hi-fi exhibition, and as such works because of the atmosphere not the technical quality of the sound.

As ever it's the first band's on who tend to get the raw end of the deal e.g. 'Just Good Friends' whose version of 'You Really Got Me' sounds as if it was being played under water. The two tracks from Sunday's openers Terraplane in contrast sound quite reasonable, with 'I Want Your Body' coming off as one of the albums stand out tracks, on the other hand MSG's "Attack Of The Mad Axeman" is purely profunctory and does little more than highlight the welcome return of Gary (are you weddy to wock wedding) Barden.

Budgie contribute two tracks, 'Superstar' and 'Panza Division' neither doing the band justice with their tinny production and empty sound, a feature that doesn't seem to bother boggie merchants Spider who grab the bull by the horns and give it some welly on 'All The Time', a simple no frills rocker custom built to please with no pretentions. Randy California comes close to turning in a minor classic with 'Come On Woman' that has inimitable guitar style, and at the actual festival come close to stealing the glroy from everyone else.

Now on to the band that were a real turn up for the books. Marillion. With the emphasis definitely on music they provided some light relief from the predominantly guitar based wall of sound / noise, and on this album stuck out like a sore thumb as the only band to get a decent recorded sound. 'He Knows You Kfm AND 'Three Boats Down', probably selected for their relative shortness and accessibility.

Stampede get a fair crack of the whip with 'There And Back' mainly because they go for an uncluttered sound with Ruben Archer's voice high in the mix rather than lost in a sub-Motorhead row, which brings me nicely to Chinatown, who unlike on the day die a thousand deaths, which is a shame but the price you have to pay. Bernie Marsden and Jackie Lynton are two opposite sides of the same coin who go in for good time blues and turn in adequate performances. Which leaves us with AC/DC, whoops Twisted F---in Sister which is a gem of a track with the all time greatest rap intro and sums up this album better than I could ever do.

GEOFF BANKS

SCORPIONS
'Lonesome Crow'
(Heavy Metal HMI LP2)

NEVER before actually issued in this country, but always easily obtainable on import, 'Lonesome Crow' was the first-ever Scorpions LP. It was recorded back in 1972, produced by legendary electronics man Conny Plank, and featured, aside from present-day Scorps stars Rudy Schenker / Klaus Meine, the burgeoning skills of one Michael Schenker.

But, if you're in any way expecting to hear something akin to either the modern MSG or even Scorpions, then you're gonna be sorely disappointed. For, this is very much a progressive heavy rock outfit. And not a very good one either. True, there are occasional hints of true talent, as on 'Action', but for the most part, 'Lonesome Crow' wallows in babbling mediocrity and blind-alley boredom.

So, unless you're the sort of person who feels they must own everything released bearing the Scorpions monicker, don't bother shelling out for this curio.

MALCOLM DOME

WENDY AND THE ROCKETTS
'Live'
(Mushroom L20019)

RIGHT now Australian rock seems to be gaining momentum in the British marketplace, with several interesting new acts showing, or about to show, their faces. It's particularly sad that the most visible act of the moment, Cheetah, have such awful material debasing the girls' sincere resolve to entertain and try their hardest, but the impending attack of Melbourne-based Wendy And The Rocketts could do much to restore the image of female-fronted rock, Aussie division.

No archetypal Antipodean thrash merchants these, Wendy And The Rocketts are more akin to a rowdy Foreigner, this six track live twelve incher (almost thirty minutes long) evidencing an impressive blend of balls and ideas. Classy isn't really the applicable adjective, tasteful coming closer to it – the band is attacking and upfront but always lets the melody do the talking. Wendy Stapleton's vocals are assured and strong, capable of a good thrash but preferring to hold back a little.

The shimmering rhythm and pumping hook of 'It's Always Maybe' or the strident punch of 'Burns Like Fire' are neatly contrasted with the light and shade of 'Open Up Your Heart', and the escalating might of 'When I'm Gone' sounds like a surefire winner to these ears.

The band will be visiting London in February to record their first studio album, and hope to slot inqa few live dates whilst they're here. Note them down as a forthcoming treat.

PAUL SUTER

TRANCE
'Break Out'
(Rockport RO 013 – German Import)

LIKE SO many Deutsch Destroyers, Trance employ a sound which is distinctly symptomatic of the Germans. Listen to Scorpions or Accept, and you know how heavily they rely on harmony interplay, wailing solos and instant power melodies. Trance can compete with ease thanks to the excellent Flying V (of course) guitar work of both Lothar Antoni and Markus Berger, who also write the material between them.

Light and shade is the name of the game, creating mood and atmosphere on the likes of 'Confession' and 'Loser', while there are numbers which solely attempt to rattle brains, more often than not successfully, such as 'Higher' and the title track. Whether Trance's music is solely derivative or rather definitive of a country's sound is a matter of personal taste, but I would offer that quality material always has a place in the business.

The wimpishly embarrassing cover pic is so awful that I would dearly have loved to hate 'Break Out' and Lothar Antoni's vocals give me the opportunity occasionally, but Trance are too good to be dismissed on frivolities. Very promising . . . but do something about your looks lads!

HOWARD JOHNSON

MAYHEM!

■ Happenings were altogether rather subdued during **Ozzy Osbourne's** return to UK activity via a personal appearance at Birmingham's HMV shop recently. Not that the Madman's appeal has diminished – over 1,000 fans filed past in awe of the Double-O as they had various albums, posters, jackets and jeans penned on for posterity! Yet the cold weather, heavy (but not brutal) security and the calmness of Ozzy himself, led to scenes more in tune with 'Tales From The River Bank' than 'Animal House'.

The Ozz signed.. winked.. signed.. chatted.. and signed again, for a gruelling two and a half hours until all were satisfied. Even his midget 'Ronnie' was present to give an extra thrill as the sound of 'Talk Of The Devil', the tremendous new live LP, rumbled round the room incessantly.

"It was good to start off in Birmingham, my home town," said the Ozz in a few brief words. "And things seem to be looking good for me again. I'm not some kind of tin-pot God in a glass case, I'm for real, and I want the kids to know that."

■ Spare a thought for budding prog rockers **Le Mat.** For, having accepted the support slot on the recent **Duran Duran** tour at just 24 hours notice, the fivesome then found themselves dumped off said tour after only six of the scheduled 21 dates. Official reasons for such behaviour has not been forthcoming from the Duran camp. However, Le Mat's office have let it be known they believe the band's popularity with audiences might just have been a key factor.

What with the original support act, **The Church**, also leaving the UK trek under a cloud, one wonders what the hell goes on with teenybop acts these days!

■ Hot foot after supporting **Rainbow** on the latter's recent Euro-trek, those dynamic demolition damsels **Girlschool** have apparently approached **Roger Glover** to produce their next LP. So will said LP be called 'Screaming Red / Orange / Yellow / Green / Indigo / Violet / Blue Murder'?

■ Current London faves **Presence** have landed themselves a prime slot on Channel Four's thoroughly underwhelming rock prog 'The Tube'. Wonder how the hip Paula Yates will take to 'em!

■ London quintet **Tytan** are about to issue their first US single. And it will NOT mirror the recent UK release 'Blind Men & Fools'. Instead, the band have chosen 'Women On The Front Line', a stage fave. Oh yeah, and the label will be CBS.

■ More news from the States. LA quartet **Storm**, whom you may remember released an LP on MCA some four years ago, are at last ready to issue their newie. It's called 'Raise The Flag', and will be put out on Capitol Records early in 1983. Produced by Mike Verdick and Jay Ferguson, the album features guest drum appearances from **Tubes'** man Prairie Prince plus former **Blood, Sweat & Tears** skinsman Bobby Colomby. Incidentally, Colomby is now Vice President of ... Capitol. Nothing like getting your record label boss onto vinyl. At least you're assured of gaining strong promotion.

■ Golly gosh! **Whitesnake** actually made a recent appearance on 'The Tube'. Mind you, we trust this won't set a precedent. After all, we can't have such a high-browed(!) intelligent(!!) programme lowering itself to covering HM, can we?

■ **Vardis** are certainly getting into the rock 'n' roll swing again. Seems those wild Wakefieldian wunderkidz are about to sue almost everyone who's ever had anything to do with 'em.

■ Those Merseyboogie merchants **Spider** haven't exactly had luck on their side recently. First off an injunction was taken out by their original label Alien against their new single 'That's Right, Talking About Rock 'N' Roll'. It seems that the B-side, 'Down 'N Out' was the subject of a publishing dispute, with both the label and Spider's management claiming to own copyright on it. Then, the band's faithful tour coach went and broke down, leaving 'em to desperately search around for rapid replacement, so they could continue on the **Gillan** tour.

■ January 7th is a date to remember. On this very day, Epic are releasing both the long-awaited **'Hughes-Thrall'** LP,

***GREAT HEAVY METAL FANS OF YESTERYEAR DEPT:** These days DJ David Jensen wouldn't be seen dead with a heavy metal album in his hand, but back in the early 70s when he was mere Kid Jensen, it was a different story. Pictured at a bash to present Uriah Heep with a silver disc for the 'Look At Yourself' album we find Mr. Jensen right in the thick of the liggers, and judging by his glazed expression it wasn't orange juice they were serving.*

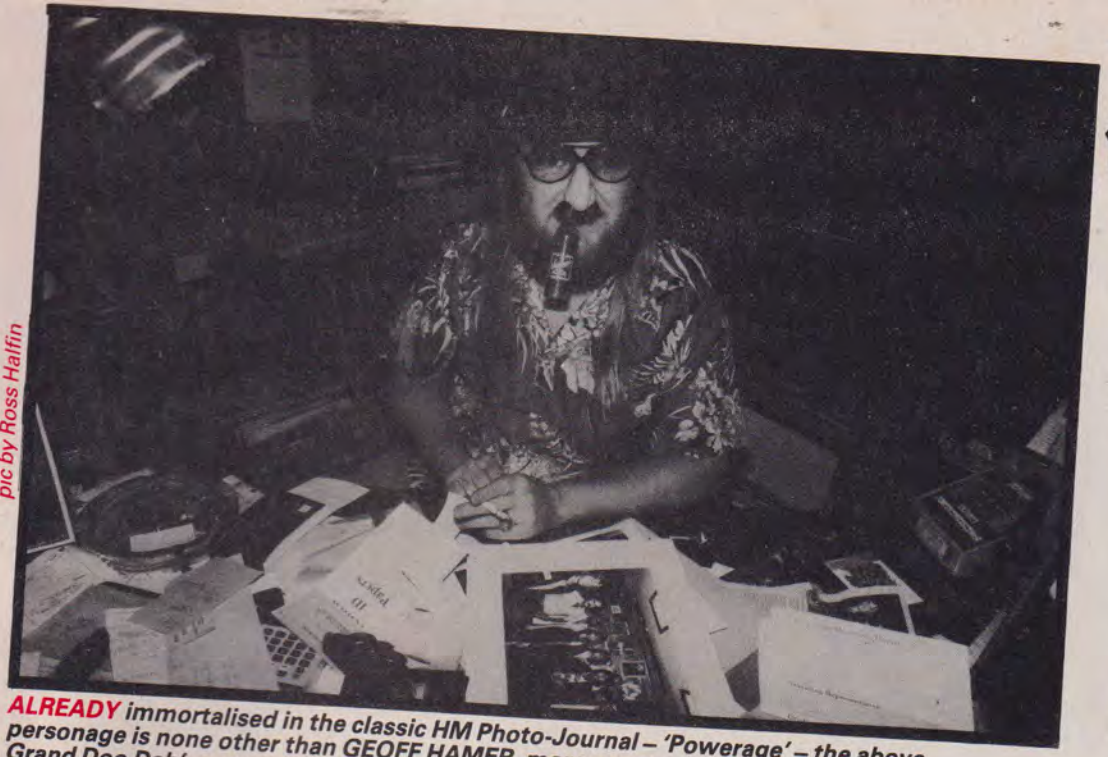
From left to right, we've got Mick Box (minus his current mega spare tyre), Lee Kerslake (in a rare semi-sober shot), David Byron (totally bored with the whole thing), the aforementioned David 'Metal Maniac' Jensen (looking ready for sick-bag duty), the shadowy Gerry Bron (he of Bronze Records ownership fame), and the svelt figurine of Ken 'I'm only in it for glory' Hensley.

But, what we'd like to know is ... is it true our 'Kid' was only asked to make the presentation 'cos Tommy Vance was too busy making adverts for Ronco disco compilations!

LOS ANGEL

■ Talk about old rock-ers. People out here have been scratching their head in bewilderment when a very New Jersey-sounding rendition of the 'Meet The Flintstone' TV theme wafts over the airwaves. The single comes in a picture sleeve with a Boss-looking guy in sabre-tooth-tiger skin leaning on a **Clarence Clemmons**-style dinosaur. I mean, turning into a folk star is one thing, but a cartoon? Actually the singer turns out to be Brooce impersonator **Bruce Springstone** who's managed to fool everyone down to Springsteen's mum. The real Boss is in L.A. putting the finishing touches to a rock and roll album with the **E. Street Band**.

■ The man crooning backing vocals on the upcoming debut album by San Franciscans **Night Ranger** is none other than silver-throated singer **Ozzy Osbourne. Ozzy** was so taken with the band that he borrowed its guitarist to help out on his own album and returned the favour by providing



pic by Ross Halfin

***ALREADY** immortalised in the classic HM Photo-Journal – 'Powerage' – the above personage is none other than GEOFF HAMER, more commonly referred to as 'the Grand Doo Dah', owner / svengali / total lunatic responsible for 'Texas Tapes & Records' a gonzo Disneyland for vinyl freaks located on the outskirts of Houston, a place that makes the Virgin Megastore look like a second hand record stall in Portobello Market.*

His 'in stores' make Barnum & Bailey look like a pair of pirate buskers and have included such dubious Brit HM luminaries as the Leppards and Maiden, both who broke any pre-set attendance. The man began his career with a small shop that sold paraphernalia for dodgy combustible objects and other brands of er scented tobacco.

A master in the art of 'honking'(?) an 'eavy metal Evangelist, first in a series of pioneers of the Powerage.

plus **Saga's** 'Worlds Apart', and **Toronto**'s 'Get It On Credit'. And MCA, not to be outdone, are putting out 'Tracks', the second album from the Canadian outfit **Wrabit.**

■ Spanish heroes **Baron Rojo** certainly seem to be going up in the world. At their recent two night Marquee stint, they persuaded a whole bevy of luminaries to jam with 'em. On the first night 'twas **Gary Moore** keyboardsman **John Sloman**, plus **Paul Samson**, and long-forgotten ex-**Yardbirds** drummer **Jim Macarty** who clambered up to speed through 'Crossroads' and 'Johnny B. Goode'. 24 hours later, **Hawkwind** axeman **Huw Lloyd-Langton** was present, obviously as a way of repaying the Barons for being brave enough to support his mighty band on their recent UK tour.

■ Former keyboards megastar **Keith Emerson** has at last resurfaced from 'neath a pile of soundtrack LPs. Seems the legendary ELP/Nice inspiration is currently doing the record company rounds looking for a major deal.

■ **Fast Way** are on the run. The band put together by **Pete Way** and **'Fast' Eddie Clarke** has been snapped up for management by Manticore, they who handle the careers of **Billy Squier, Keith Emerson, and Gary Moore.** And the band has also signed on the dotted line with CBS.

■ The Motor City Madman returns! It looks as though **Ted** 'vegetarian' **Nugent** is all set to play his first gigs over here in 18 months during late January. Although his new record company, WEA, won't confirm that this is happening, the word is that it WILL take place.

S

some delicate harmonies (sort of) on theirs. Night Ranger includes ex members of **Rubicon** and **Montrose**, and their LP 'Dawn Patrol' is coming out on Boardwalk.

■ **Randy Rhoads'** mum **Delores** is taking out a massive lawsuit against an aeroplane and coach company who she claims should be held responsible for the buzzing incident in which her son died: to the tune of twenty-five million dollars!

■ Those who've already memorised the intimate details of **Rod Stewart's** life can soon say the same for **Jimi Hendrix**. The late guitar hero's old girlfriend, **Monika Danneman**, is putting together a book of her personal pictures of Jimi and her reminiscences of their life together. Also expect a movie and TV special before long.

■ **Van Halen** are threatening to put out a live album. They've been recording a bunch of shows on this US tour, and are working on some strange but interesting little tunes in addition to the usual live hit stuff.

■ Ah the memories ... **Pete Townshend** smashed his guitar onstage at Oakland, San Francisco, and the crowd went bananas. The nose-on-a-stick didn't look so delighted though. About halfway through the show it started making strange buzzing noises, which eventually drove Pete to the violent act of whopping it against the amps, chucking it to the floor, and strapping on another one.

The Who tour's going gloriously out here, though most people haven't been within half a mile of the band, playing as they have in 100,000 seater football fields. The L.A. show attracted every celeb from miles around, including an unmade-up **Kiss**, and had more fireworks than the Royal Wedding.

The band's final date, in an indoor arena in Canada, is being filmed for pay-TV in the States and simulcast by satellite over a bunch of radio stations. After that, they should be able to retire in style.

■ **Riot's Mark Reale** was daft enough to enter the torturous New York marathon. Even dafter, he did the long course quickly, finishing among the top thirty contestants. After all that clean living, he helped judge a bondage costume contest at one of their shows.

■ Still more strange tales from back east. **Spys** got together with fellow local **Billy Joel**, of all people, to help host a charity radiothon. The band offered concert tickets and the opportunity to get down and party backstage with the stars at one of their shows, sensibly specifying that only those of the fairer sex were allowed to apply.

TOUR DATES

THIN LIZZY embark on thier first major UK tour with their new line-up including John Sykes on guitar, formerly with the Tygers of Pan Tang. Lizzy will also have a new album out in time for the tour entitled 'Thunder & Lightning'. The dates are Scarborough Futurists February 9, Leeds Queens Hall 10, Manchester Apollo 12, Liverpool Royal Court Theatre 13, Sheffield City Hall 14, Leicester de Montfort Hall 17, Derby Assembly Rooms 18, Coventry Apollo 19, Birmingham Odeon 21, Ipswich Gaumont 24, Brighton Centre 25, Portsmouth Guildhall 26, Oxford Apollo 27, Southampton Gaumont March 2, Gloucester Leisure Centre 4, Poole Arts Centre 6, London Hammersmith Odeon 9 & 10, Preston Guildhall 14, Carlisle Market Hall 15, Aberdeen Capital Theatre 17, Edinburgh Playhouse 18, Glasgow Apollo, Newcastle City Hall 20.

Tickets are priced at £5.00, £4.50, £4.00 for all gigs with the exception of Leeds, Liverpool and Carlisle where they are £5.00 only. Tickets are already on sale at all box offices and usual ticket outlets.

Support act on the Lizzy tour is **MAMA'S BOYS.**

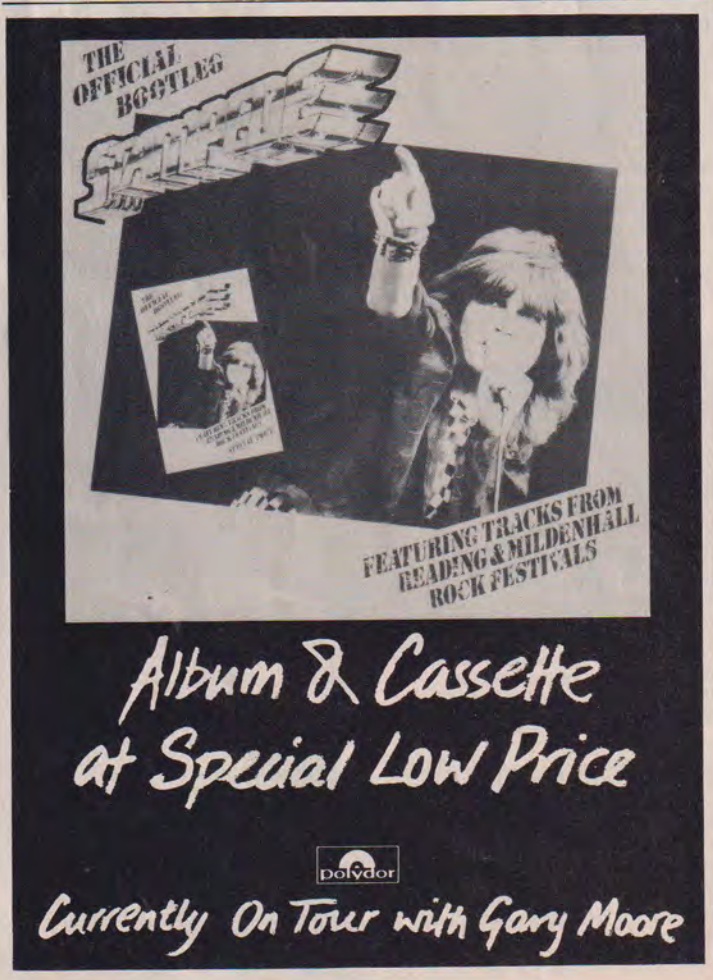
DEMON continue on their merry way all the way up until Xmas, with dates at The Rock Club, Mansfield (December 17th); Granery, Bristol (18th); Talk-of-the-Abbey, Neath (19th); Riverside Recreation Centre, Stafford (20th); University, Bradford (21st); Sir James Club, Birkenhead (22nd); Pier, Colwyn Bay (22nd). Aside from featuring lusty material from their two recent Carrere LPs, the boys will also be previewing snatches from their third album, 'The Plague'. A case of the Black Deaf, we wonder?

TRUFFLE from Portsmouth play the followng dates during December: Red Lion, Gravesend (18th); Jumpers Tavern, Christchurch (20 & 24th); Park Hotel (26th); Christchurch (31st)

PALLAS finish off their year with a gig at the Dial Inn, Glasgow on December 18th.

SOLDIER from Northampton explode on the road with gigs at Five Bells, Northampton (December 21st), Nag's Head, Great Malvern (January 8th), Mermaid Club, Birmingham (9th); Wheatsheaf Club, Dunstable (24th). The band have their first LP, 'Infantryside' released put out early in the new year on as yet, an un-named label.

DAGABAND, progressive rockers, have their first gig of 1983 at Sir James, Birkenhead on January 3rd.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Currently On Tour with Gary Moore

720: has their number come up?

LIFE is always a bunch of ups and downs, but for 720 (*pictured opposite*) it seems that the downs are infinitely more forthcoming than the ups.

A deal looked to be secured with Jet Records, but as luck would have it, the E.L.O. magnate backed out at the last minute – apparently both David Arden and his sister Sharon approached the old man, Don Arden, with new bands simultaneously and rather than turn one down, he turned both out of the door (!?)

I first ran in to the dubious pleasures of 720, the speed of sound, late last year when the band were hosting a residency at The Marquee. The gigs were at first sparsely attended, but a definite hard core following began to build up over the weeks. For some reason the Marquee booker refused to re-book 720 and they were forced to concentrate on gigs out of town.

The ensuing Jet deal temporarily abated the downward path, and the Marquee relented allowing the band one more headliner. This time there were a lot more people in attendance, though of course many were scrawled on the lifesaving device for skinted hacks like myself: the glorious guestlist, but drummer Paul Edwards has his own theories about that one:

"The Marquee is not really a money making gig for almost anyone, it is however a chance for the 'people' to get along and see the band. There are certain people that are important to the band, A&R men, agencies and the sucklike, and also friends of the band like yourself and Brian Harrigan who has been campaigning for us over a long period. How can you charge your friends to see you? Do you charge admission to your own house?"

The magnanimity of 720 is only too readily apparent – earlier this year the band invited me to a gig far up North (the legendary Redcar actually) no strings attached, party after the show with plenty of my favourite things running about later – even a hotel booked with the best bloody breakfast I've had for ages. What I really wanted to know was where the dough came from, or in other words, what is the set up for a band that never seem to suffer despite doing even less for a living than I do?

"We're rather lucky in that we have a manager who although not knowing much about the music business believes enough in us to plough money in. He leaves the day to day running of the band to us. In fact we're currently working with Terry McLelland who manages, among others, Samson.

"We're not entirely certain what the outcome of this alliance will be, but for the time being, we're seeing what he can do for us."

720 have recently been recording new material in Luton (where else huh!), and reactions have been somewhat ecstatic. Vocalist and bassist Dave Birch saves my breath:

"We'd just been playing the tapes ourselves, and we all considered that the outcome of the sessions was pretty good – plenty of commercial feel but still a powerful edge.

"We wanted to get a few outside opinions and reactions so we took the tape up to a music paper, and as luck would have it, the head of Phonogram's A&R department happened to be around the office. He came storming into the room where we were playing the tape and screamed that it was the best thing he'd heard in years. Obviously we agreed with him, but I must admit that we were a little startled."

Of course this kind of reaction is just what a band dreams of, instead of hawking your wares around town – spending a fortune in every watering hole you pass the pop moguls actually begin to queue up in search of YOUR favours ... Mmmm if only.

But many may have noticed that the name 720 has been notably lacking in the live scene recently, why then have the band opted to hide away for such a long time? Andy Marshall, guitarist extraordinaire explains with relish:

"Basically we've spent a lot of time writing songs, and I've also had a number of session commitments, both playing on Roger Daltry's solo album, and even touring with the Q.Tips whilst their regular guitarist was incapacitated.

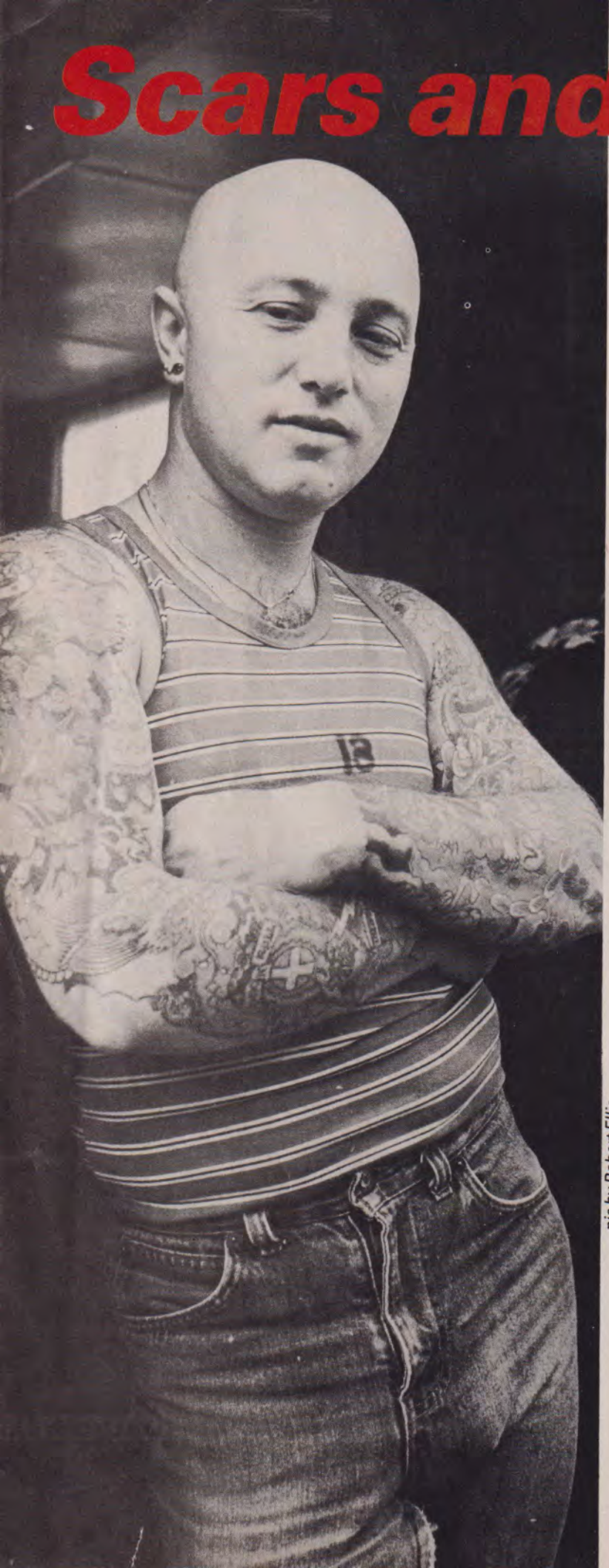
"But we're really serious about getting a few more gigs under our belts, none of the band could wait to get out and play the new songs.

The reaction at the recent Marquee gig decided for us that a major string of gigs is now essential.

NICK KEMP

pic by Ray Palmer

Scars and stripes: A



pic by Robert Ellis

"ANGRY Anderson? I LIKE it!" The long distance operator chortled at the name he was given to connect London with a party in Worcester, Massachusetts. And by the time he got through it sounded like there was a *party* going on across the Atlantic. Shrieks of laughter and then a grumpy Australian voice mumbled "Ullo?"

"Sorry, that was the drummer," explained the operator doing a crash course in Rose Tattooery. "Angry is in the restaurant, hold on, we'll get him. Oops, that was the drummer again." More shrieks of distant laughter as I eavesdropped on lunch-time activity in the downtown Holiday Inn.

Rose Tattoo are in the throes of their first American tour and when I finally got through to Angry, the band's heavily tattooed lead singer, he revealed that American fans were finding the Tats a frightening, alien spectacle.

Jeepers – were they English skinheads? Were those tattoos real, or did they peel off? And who was this shaven-headed monster shouting at them about street fighting and the working class?

Angry sounded amused and delighted at the controversy the band have aroused while guesting on a predictable package starring Aerosmith and the Pat Travers Band. It's all part of the Rose Tattoo plan to show the world what Australia can do. And that means injecting good time rock and roll with its biggest shot of adrenalin in years.

There's no doubt that the Tats can communicate anywhere in the world with their locomotive drive drenched in slide guitar and walloping drums. But the message in many of the songs on their albums including the latest, 'Scarred For Life', will most appeal to English and Australian kids, as Angry readily agrees.

But first off, how were Sydney's Finest faring a couple of concerts into their US tour? Angry sounded as lucid and agreeable as ever but first of all wanted to tell me all about the climatic conditions on the North East coast, as if he were tuning into the Flying Doctor service.

"Well its 1.30 pm here and very cold at the moment ... they say its going to get colder tomorrow ..."

That's the trouble with these heavily tattooed shaven-head rebels – they're so damned friendly.

"We've actually done four concerts so far and we're doing alternate dates. Some are big shows with Aerosmith and Pat Travers and others are in small clubs with Pat. It's our first time here and the audiences seem a bit stunned when they see us. They're not quite used to our sort of forceful delivery.

"There is a tremendous amount of rock music being played here, though – they've a music TV cable service which works like nonstop radio. But most of the American bands are fairly laid back and inoffensive. You can see the eyes staring at us and of course they're asking all the time: "Are the tattoos real – or are they painted on?" But we dazzle 'em by the end of the set. A lot of people ask if we're English, especially in the shops."

I wondered how the Tats got on with the other bands on the tour, but Angry said they hadn't even spoken to Aerosmith and remained uncharacteristically quiet on the subject.

"We'll be going back to America for a second leg of the tour after Christmas if these dates work out okay. If not we'll see what extra things we can pick up. Do we want to come back to England? You bet. We want to come next March. We're really homesick for England because it was in April that we came over before and we were very inspired by our visit.

"The fact that we were able to go and live in London shocked quite a few people, because a lot of Australian bands just give up and go home. We tried really hard for five years in Australia and couldn't get ourselves accepted, so they can't accuse us of forsaking Australia by living and working abroad."

Angry added that, although their image is one most understood by the English, word about them is still managing to spread in America, particularly the Southern States, a fact no doubt encouraged by the inclusion of such songs as 'Texas' on the latest album.

"Scarred For Life" is autobiographical and the phrase has stuck in my mind for years. It was used by my mother when she found out that I had a tattoo, at the age of 16. That's what she said: "You'll be scarred for life!" She's come to terms with it now.

"But I was never a settled or normal child. I was one of those kids that neighbours came round knocking on the door about – I led such a violent life. I was a crazy, mixed up kid, but I never spent more than a couple of days in jail. That was the kind of life I used to lead, and I'm not interested in violence anymore; I'm not that way inclined."

Angry's songs don't celebrate violence so much as express the frustrations of youth smitten by unemployment or perhaps just boredom with routine. He doesn't think the mass of American fans can relate to that, especially as most of them have such a wonderful time windsurfing,

ngry in America

consuming hamburgers on the beach or jiving to the latest Glenn Miller records.

"We've always been serious about the content of the songs we write like "We Can't Be Beaten" and "Who's Got The Cash". Everybody in the group is sympathic to the lyrics I write, and if they do object to something, then it doesn't go in.

"I've never written a lyric just to fill up a few lines. All the songs mean something and there's a great deal of emotional content. When we play live we don't expect people to be totally absorbed in the lyrics. We're out to give them a good time but we don't want to put out LPs that mean nothing. When people are playing the records at home when they have time to think, we want the songs to touch them."

Angry explained that when they went into the studios they did a mass of recording, up to 30 tracks, and when it came to putting out an album they chose a selection. Angry was particularly proud of the new LP and glad I liked 'Sydney Girls' one of the best cuts on side two.

"Oh yes, well I live in Sydney and quite near a girls' school. Being a red blooded Australian I like to watch the high school girls on their way home. They wear a chocolate brown uniform, and against their suntanned thighs it seems as if their skin and the uniforms match ..."

Angry seemed to be getting rather steamed up on the telephone, and I wondered if he might be breaking some international regulation governing satellite communications.

As a son of Sydney had he heard about the outbreak of violence in cricket there, involving Rose Tattoo lookalikes running onto the pitch?

"Oh yes, I heard about that. I seem to have been missing all the excitement. But the fans here throw a lot of things as well. I don't really like it. We get ice lollies, fire-crackers and even coins thrown at us.

"Somebody threw a 25 cent coin at us the other night and I told 'em what I thought of them. It hit me on the head. I asked which one of them would take care of me if I got blinded."

"But we're all having a fantastic, great time. The only problem really is that we're all putting on weight. The Americans eat supercarbohydrate food and we seem to be drinking lots of beer as well. Australian beer is the best, of course, but when I was living in London I got used to drinking draught Guinness. When I got home I was delighted to find that Guinness had arrived in Australia and you can now get it there on tap."

Although Rose Tattoo are known as hard rockers, 'Scarred For Life' does span a variety of styles and, says Angry:

"We're very proud of that album and we always try to get a live sound on our records. It keeps our interest to try out a lot of different things and there's a gradual process of change as we go along. And we're happy to play in any kind of place – the Centrum Theatre we're playing tonight which seats about 10,000 people, or a small club that only has room for a few hundred.

"The vibe we're picking up here is that things are really starting to build for us, and a lot of fans have got to hear about us through imports of the albums."

Backing the group from their base in Sydney are producers Vanda and Young, who are George Young and Harry Vanda of Easybeats fame. They are Australians with British parents who had a huge hit in 1966 with 'Friday On My Mind', a song about teenage frustration, strangely enough.

Did Angry know about their past history?

"Oh yeah. And there's going to be an Easybeats reformation gig in Australia. Little Stevie Wright the singer has made his own solo LP and there'll be an Easybeats album as well."

There then came a loud crash in the background and more sounds of merriment in the hotel.

"We're just getting ready for the concert," explained Angry. "The band are really enjoying themselves, and I'm glad we settled down with Robin Riley on guitar now his arm has recovered from the motorcycle accident. He replaced Michael Cocks and plays lead opposite Peter Wells on slide guitar. Robin wrote four of the songs on the new album with me, like 'We Can't Be Beaten' and 'It's Gonna Work Itself Out'.

"Me – I don't like changes in the line-up. It's too drastic. The last split with Michael happened just before we did a tour with ZZ Top and when we got a new player in everybody said it would be disastrous. But it wasn't. The band is just getting better and better."

CHRIS WELCH

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SPIDER: THE BOOGIE MEN

A DAY of maximum enjoyment occurred recently when two lucky entrants to Kerrang's recent fabbo Spider competition, finding that they'd actually won the contest, were whisked away at the speed of light to the far-off, sub-human climes of Manchester to be guests of the four arachnid rapscallions for the evening gig on the UK Gillan tour.

Jane Baldwin and John Parry (both aged 16) were accompanied (poor people) by photographer 'Crazy' George de Bodnar, RCA press person Sheila 'It's your

pix by George Bodnar

round' Sedgewick and myself for a night of merriment at Manchester's most toffee-nosed hostelry, the Piccadilly Hotel.

After a coupla heart-stopping moments when time-tables refused to comply, the torrid troupe wound their way into town and zipped spritely down to the Manchester Apollo to catch Spider's set. Most impressive it was too, featuring tasty cuts from the band's debut album, 'Get Down And Get With It' (where the crowd ..er..got down and got with it) and of course the 'Amazin' Grace Bloos', that interminable paean to all of our heroes and a certain winner live.

The band came over just fine in new stage clothes, especially Brian Burrow's tasteful Kerrang! T-shirt, a new ultra-large backdrop was in evidence and overall Spider finally looked like a real band! The reception was excellent as far as I could perceive and, though the four themselves were a mite unhappy, winner John, from Birmingham, proclaimed it as "the best gig I've ever seen." A higher compliment no-one could wish for!

Lig-time backstage produced debauchery of a preposterous nature, with the attentions of Gillan's Cucumbers being brushed aside in favour of a huge pot of Rosie, gracefully served by Cambridge resident Jane.

It goes without saying that this event could not pass by without the two winners getting in on the well-refined art of guitar-posing, 'Crazy' insisting that everyone be plentifully supplied with those mighty tools of the trade – axes!!

Enjoyment over? Not on your life. The ever-growing Spider entourage departed for the Piccadilly Hotel once more to partake of a rather healthy meal, accompanied by a naff jazz quartet creaking noisily at the joints. Rob E. Burrows was encouraged to take over the drum stool and show them how it's really done but eventually sanity prevailed – shame!

A few snifters more and Brian 'Carolgees' Burrows astounded residents with his 'Spit The Dog' impersonation. More interesting than Gillan certainly! And so, to bed .... and did you notice, no mention of women?! Disappointing, eh? HOWARD JOHNSON

SPIDER with our competition winners Jane and John

ARE YOU GROSS ENOUGH?

THIS IS the questionnaire that probes the pulsating brain-cells of the ardent HM fan. Just because you've got a well-oiled beer gut and faded denims doesn't mean you can out-mouth 'real man' Ross The Boss or match the run-to-the-hills power of Lemmy's socks.

Do you take your underwear off with a paint scraper?
Can you headbang to a quadruple AC/DC bootleg?
Do your lips move subconsciously when reading Kerrang!

If so, you may just be repulsive and insignificant enough to score top marks in this seasonal quizarooney. The questions of which have already been tried 'n' tested on three hand-picked members of staff – in accurately simulated gross out situations.

All you have to do is answer the following questions and put a ring around what you think is the right answer. Then turn to page 38 to see which were the correct choices.

Finally, check out the 'How Did You Rate?' panel at the foot of this page.

GEOFF BANKS, pictured here 'on the job', demonstrates the totally professional approach to Grossness expected of the highly-trained Kerrang! team.

1) You are at a Rainbow concert, the first time you've seen Blackmore since Purple days. Halfway through the show your girlfriend decides that the volume is making her feel nauseous and expresses a desire to leave. Do you:

a) Wrap your leather jacket around the offending female object and rush off home?
b) Compromise by agreeing to leave at the end of the set before the encore?
c) Tell her if she doesn't shut up you'll throw her to the roadies

2) You have just been given tickets to see the Deep Purple / Black Sabbath / ELP reunion show but your girlfriend decides she would prefer you to take her to see the Human League on the same night. Do you:
a) As a gentleman forsake your night out to placate the ol' lady?
b) Shoot your girlfriend?
c) Shoot your girlfriend and the Human League?

3) Midway through listening to 'Freebird' at Mach 10 volume for the twentieth time, the neighbour starts banging on the wall. Do you:
a) Immediately turn down the offending music and try to make peace by putting on a K-Tel 'Cherished Melodies' album, so quiet that even the mice are coming out of their holes clutching ear trumpets?
b) Tell them to "sod off" in no uncertain terms and face the speakers towards the wall leaving the machine on automatic repeat?
c) Phone the local road-haulage contractor and have him remove your neighbour permanently?

4) AC/DC are to make a special appearance at your local record store. But it's on a day when you're *supposed* to be doing an exam at college. Do you:
a) Bite the bullet hard and convince yourself you wouldn't get near them anyway, so you'd better go to college?
b) Sneak out early from the exam room, having written only your name down on the paper?
c) Phone up the college, tell 'em you're dead, go 'eadbanging to the sound of the Aussies, and say: "Stuff the exams, I'd have failed anyway"?

5) Help! Three of your favourite bands have just released spanking LP's, all of 'em given rave reviews in *Kerrang!* But you've only got enough money to buy one. Do you:

a) Toss a coin to decide on the lucky one to be purchased?

b) Persuade a friend to tape two of 'em and then just settle on buying one?

c) Sell your sister to an Arab so you can afford all three?

6) You're at a gig, with just enough money left to get home. But on the way out of the hall someone offers you a just-recorded tape of what's been a sensational performance. If you do decide to buy it then you're gonna be stranded. Do you:

a) Put home comforts before rock and decline the offer?

b) Pull out yer last few coppers, buy the damn thing, then walk the several miles home?

c) Mug the fella and walk off with the tape?

7) A local band is supporting on a local tour. You know them very well, and they've promised to put you on the guest-list when the tour hits town. But when the big day arrives your name ain't on the all-important backstage list. Do you:

a) Go meekly off and pay to get in?

b) Get into a real tiswas, storm home and vow never to see that band again?

c) Keep your head, go round to the nearest pub to find the band, threaten to report them to Social Security, and blackmail them to let you in.

8) You're at a Saxon gig, Graham Oliver ends the set by throwing a smashed guitar into the audience. It's headed in your direction when someone pushes in front of you to get there first. Do you:

a) Swallow hard and console yourself with the fact that it was smashed up anyway, and what use is a damaged Gibson?

b) Make a mental note to offer a large fortune to the lucky beggar who's about to catch it?

c) Shove a well-placed elbow into his ribs, and a knee into his 'sensitive' parts, apologise profusely for the accident(!) and calmly walk off with the prized axe?

9) Mummy and Daddy have bought you 'Bucks Fizz Greatest Hits Vol.10' for Christmas. Do you:

a) Play it once just to please them, then sell it at the first opportunity?

b) Give it to a charity shop?

c) Coat it in chocolate and feed it in little bits to the cat?

10) A simple word association test: Link the words on the left to the correct description on the

Check your answers against the correct ones on page 38. Now see how you rated. . .

If you score 100 per cent you're definitely a downright lout, worthy of Ross Halfin's warts, Ozzy Osbourne's BO, Meatloaf's waistline and all the diseases in Ted Nugent's loincloth. Obviously a dedicated *Kerrang!* reader.

Average score (40-70 per cent) This makes you a weekend headbanger who occasionally wears Hawaiian T-shirts and uses *Encyclopaedia Metallica* as a reference guide.

Below average – well dodgy (any score below 40 per cent). You're definitely not fit to infest us with your presence. In fact you're probably a rampant quiche eater who listens to Toto and describes them as 'melodic rock'.

pic by Ross Halfin

right (Some of them may appear interchangeable so be careful).

a) Ross Halfin — 1) The best rock mag in the known universe

b) Dave Lee Roth — 2) Fat

c) *Kerrang*! — 3) A big mouth

11) Is this pictured celebrity
a) Meat Loaf between meals?
b) Ross Halfin?
c) A very famous person indeed who's name is on the tip of your tongue but you just can't quite remember?
d) None of the above?
e) All of the above?

12) Angry Anderson challenges you to a beer-drinking competition. Do you:

a) Politely decline but offer to buy him a half?

b) Claim to be a Spider fan and say that unfortunately you only ever drink tea?

c) Drink him under the table, puke all over him and leave him to pay the bill?

SINGLES!

reviewed by TOOTS DALEY

EBENEEZER GROOVE, the man responsible for the programming of Xmas singles, woke up from another night of unrested sleep.

"Please Mr Groove," whimpered a pathetic voice that barely made its way through the miserable old bugger's window, "can I have some more?" His gnarled and festering body hobbled over to the frame. Through the thick condensation 'Neezer could just about make out the frail figure of Toots Cratchett, a young record reviewer.

"Whaddya want?" 'neezer spat out the words vehemently.

"Please sir," Toots voice shook in terror, "couldn't I have some more decent Xmas singles, I mean **Pat Benatar** *has a record out but due to the recession the* **Chrysalis** *reindeer and sleigh service seems to have been put out of commission. I believe it's called* **'Shadows Of The Night'** *and stands head above shoulders all the other vinyl vomit this music machine is regurgitating."*

"So you want some quality, class and even a touch of taste this year, d'yer Toots?" 'Neezer sneered mockingly, while playfully picking at the fungus between his toes," whaddya wanna do, ruin me? Break a well known tradition??? You know Christmas is a time for dirge, drivel, monotony and predictability. A time when we tug at the pockets of the mindless masses with songs about arthritic old people pegging it or with 'orrible little fat toadies of children singing something patriotic.

"You know that anybody with any sense wouldn't part with their well earnt shekels for some puke-inducing gimmicky Chrissy single. All self-respecting headbangers will empty their wallets down the local watering hole until their respective back teeth are floating and anaesthetise themselves from this totally abused exercise in commercial capitalism."

And with this 'Neezer, puffing and wheezing reached under the bed for the package he'd put over the chamberpot to prevent the acrid, pungent smells exuding forth and disturbing his night's slumber.

"Here take this lot and make it into a column," said the vile old man throwing the package of plastic at a shivering, starving Toots.

"And Toots!!!, have a happy Christmas," hollered the old man emptying the foul-smelling contents of the potty over the poor young urchin's unprotected bonce. "And bring the reviews in 'arf an hour!"

He could hear the old bastard's wheezing chortle as he stumbled down the street, his employers 'present' hardening with the frost. Walking back to his one room hovel he suddenly had a vision of beauty; an Xmas with some fairly decent singles ... imagine if the new, improved **Aerosmith** *brought out a copy of* **'Jailbait'** *off the new, scorching 'Rock In A Hard Place' album, with maybe two new live tracks on the B-side. Or if former Baby* **John Waite** *could raise a platter from his solo 'Ignition' album, say* **'Change'** *with that 'Brass In Pocket' type riff and bitter lyrics sung with appropriate venom.*

Rumour had it that the **Lords Of The New Church** *had released the very excellent* **'Russian Roulette'** *(re-mixed) with vocalist Stiv Bators accurate Cooper circa 'Love It To Death' type vocalisations but he was sure even if the rumours were true a combination of the radio hierarchy and 'Neezer would kill the record due to its vague drug references.*

Suddenly in mid-fantasy Toots found his feet faltering on the dreaded ice as he fell base over apex into the snow. The contents of the bag scattered into the street and he looked on in horror at the sight before him. "Omigawd, I never thought it would be as bad as this!" he exclaimed as he looked at the discs before him.

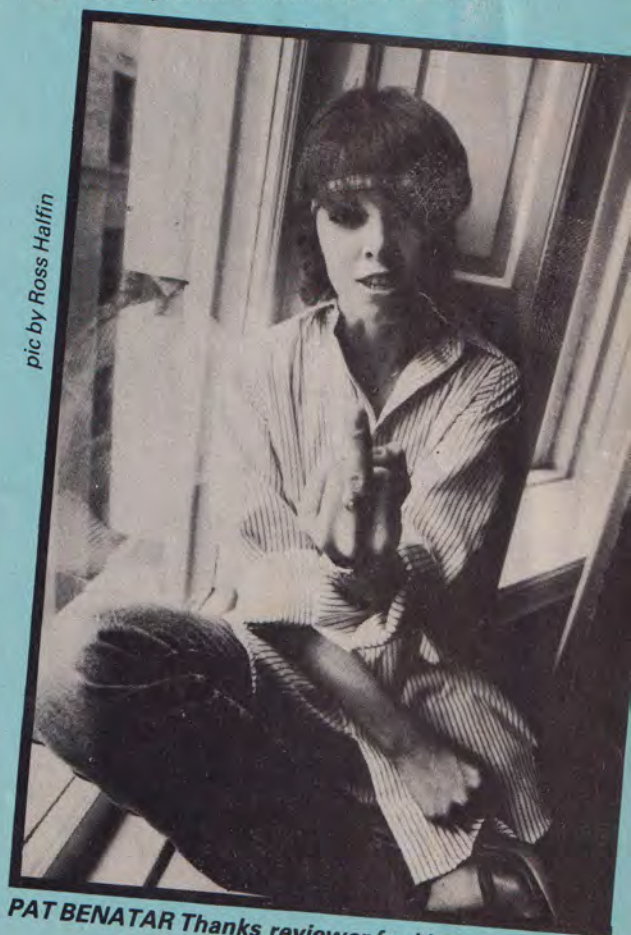
FIST: 'The Wanderer' (Neat) *A putrid, abysmal, totally obvious rehash of a standard that even the late great Alex Harvey couldn't do justice to. This has been smothered, strangled, bled dry of any identity, feel or individuality and if this is any indication of the band's capabilities they should be recycled, immediately!!*

BOW WOW WOW: 'Take Me Away' (VAP). *And that's exactly what should be done to these slant-eyed yellow perils who attempt to pose as an HM band. Production line rock, a load of old Cobras from the place heralded as the land of the rising Sun. After copping a load of this you'll begin to have your doubts.*

RENEGADE: 'Rock Til' You Die' (Excalibur). REX BEGONIA: EP (Reiten Records). *With monickers like Bjorn and Hjerpa floating around the ranks one would assume that these chaps are of Scandinavian origin. Both discs are equally indistinguishable proving the only valid type of rock to be found in these regions is usually in magazines with names like 'Colour Climax'.*

"That's a bloody nuff," hollered Toots, throwing the rest of the product down the gutters. With a re-issue of **The Small Faces' 'Lazy Sunday', The Anti Nowhere League's 'For You'** *and* **The Damned's** *new epic single* **'Generals'** *being the only survivors of the young lad's wrath, he stormed down the street fuming, vapours of air steaming from every orifice.*

As the street lights flickered and the snow sprinkled down in graceful, delicate portions one could just about make out copies of the new **Witchfinder General** *single* **'Soviet Invasion'** *floating down along the drainage system towards the sewer with* **Valhalla's 'Coming Home', Heavy Load's 'Take Me Away'** *and* **Shywolf's 'Lucretia'** *following closely behind ... if only 'Neezer knew what we knew. Still we won't let it spoil our Christmas will we chaps.*

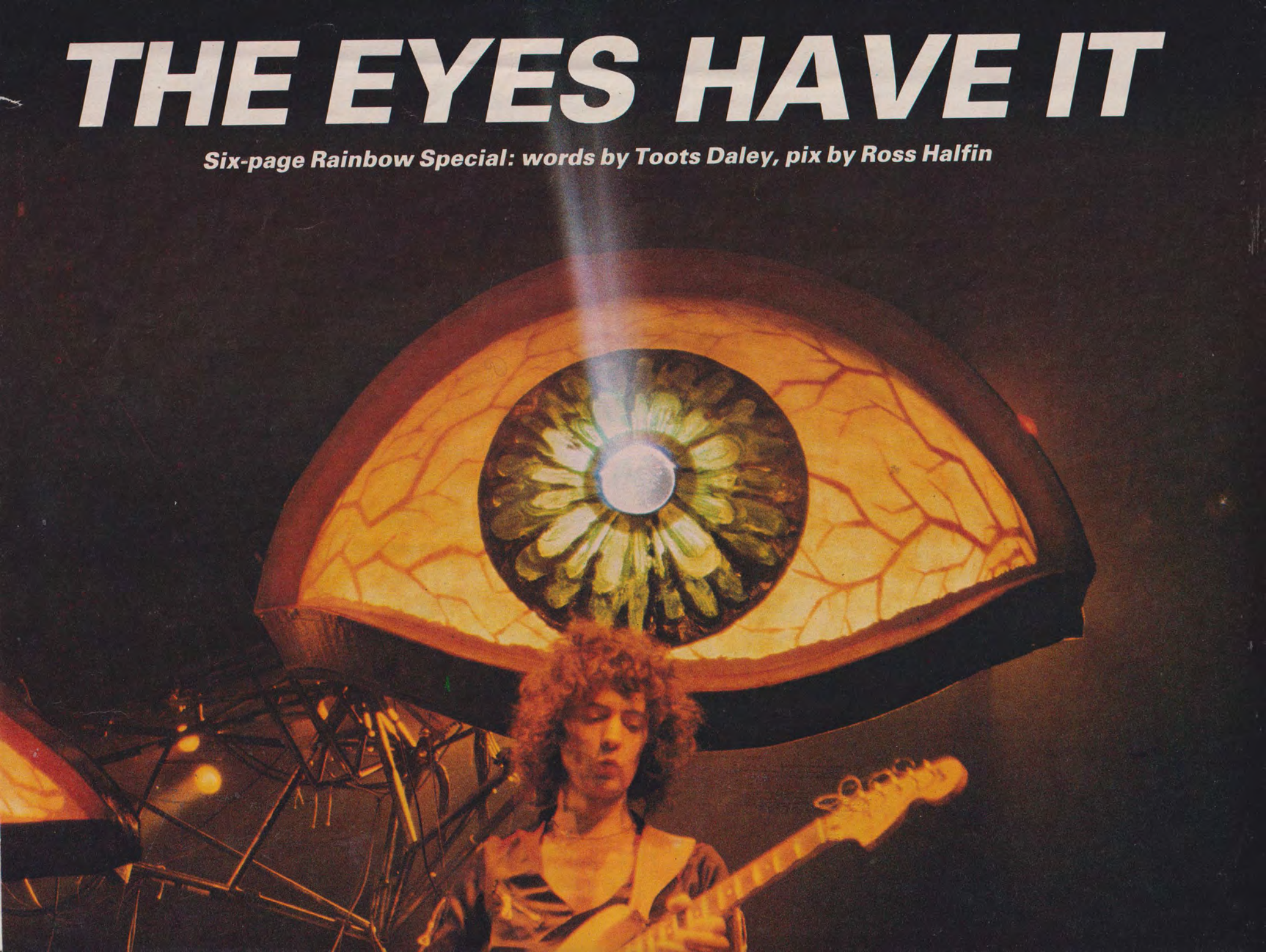


pic by Ross Halfin

PAT BENATAR Thanks reviewer for kind words

THE EYES HAVE IT

Six-page Rainbow Special: words by Toots Daley, pix by Ross Halfin



Marshall
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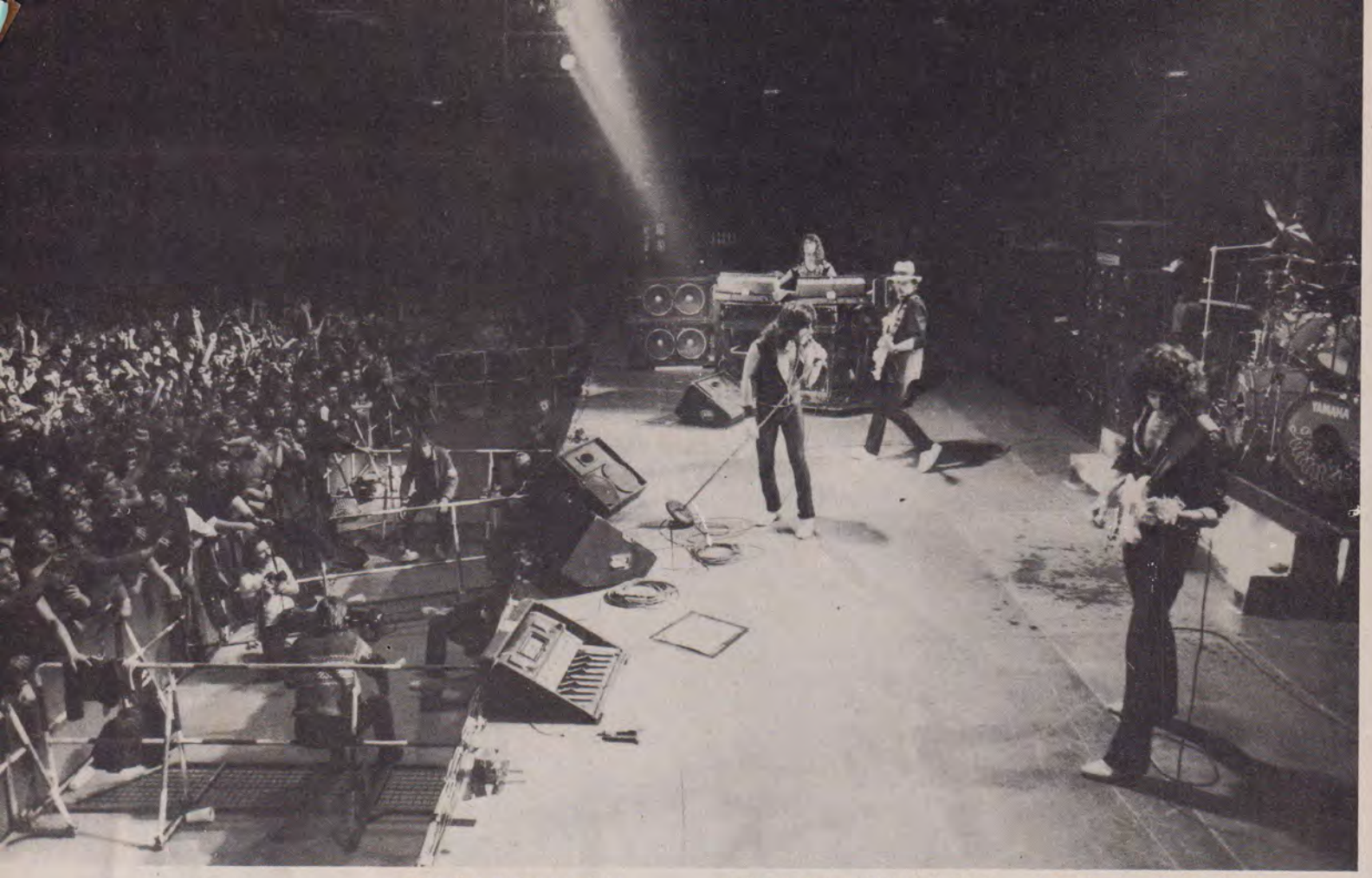


"TRUST YOU to come to the two worst shows . . . got any money??"

With guts around my ankles, suffering the aftermath and excesses of a tropical jaunt over to the mosquito coast, accompanied by a bad case of the runs that would make the London Marathon look like a casual stroll (bicycle clips at the ready!) – yours faithfully wasn't exactly in prime-time mood for the maninblack's drier than Sainsbury's White Vermouth humour, scathing enough to make Basil Fawlty look positively charitable.

"Is that a suntan or hepatitis, heh. . heh". The looming dark figure of a guitar hero points a solitary, spindly finger at your frail one's slightly singed, sallow complexion bearing more than a passing resemblance to partially burnt toast. Some devilish chuckling from the 'evil one' echoes around the dressing room accompanied by the familiar noise of the seal breaking on the obligatory Johnny Walker Black Label bottle.

The location is Hamburg and the occasion Rainbow's current (and most successful, incidentally) European tour. This dubious combination usually inspires mayhem and there's no doubt that Blackmore hasn't lost any of the Wilkinson razor sharp wit that's so often been misunderstand/misinterpreted and constantly provided fuel for a reputation that can only be described as notorious.

Wearing a badge bearing the proclamation: '*Everybody's entitled to* MY *opinion*'; he's recently been christened 'The Edge', the state he leaves the rest of the group in on and off stage. A man of perfection, his lust for the lost chord has led to numerous line-up changes, with the band re-emerging in as many forms and varieties as a Heinz product. Still this current motley crew (for the benefit of the uninitiated and sceptics) remains unhampered featuring the talents of Joe Lynn Turner (vocals), Dave Rosenthal (keyboards), Roger Glover (bass) and Bobby Rondinelli (drums), although rumours remain rife with talks of redundancy cheques in the offing (in fact it's almost like Spotlight), accusations to which the group responded with a cynical press release announcing that Ritchie had, in fact, fired them all. The media, needless to say, took to it like a proverbial dog to a bone. Of course, one can't predict the future with guaranteed surety, but judging from the recent shows things look very sweet on the musical front, with both group and audience happy.

Blackmore, surrounded by a flank of friends (fiends?) and relatives, puts on a mock scowl when I ask about his feelings on the show he's poised to perform.

"I like Hamburg as a town, it brings back many memories (fellow historians will know that the maninblack spent his formative years thrashing away in Teutonia) but as a gig . . . the audience seem a bit jaded, it's as if they've seen it all before and there's nothing worse than playing a gig where the first three rows have their arms crossed and stare blankly. It makes you feel a right twit running around the stage like some demented animal in front of a crowd of statues."

Way down in the distance the sound of Girlschool's motorised rock can be heard wafting through the many corridors. "Fancy seeing the support group?", asked Ritchie replenishing my beaker. As long as I've been associated with this enigmatic axeman he's always shown a surprising interest, if not enthusiasm, for the music scene around him, a fact that will no doubt shock the people who believe he spends a hermit like existence secluded in some gothic castle scenario between bouts of work. Although outside influences rarely seep into his music, Blackmore certainly absorbs current trends fashions and keeps in check with American radio, while still maintaining the knowledgeable/worldly distance of a suss sage.

From our secret observatory post in the dark recesses of the beehive busy stage area, Blackmore announces that Girlschool are definitely the best group to support Rainbow, adding his admiration of Denise Dufort's drumwork.

"The girl really knows how to keep time . . . at first I thought to myself do I like them and do I give them the licence to make mistakes because of their feminity, but after a few dates it became apparent that they are in fact a good rock band."

I tell Ritchie that sounds exactly like Jeff Beck's response, when inquisitioned about one of their platters on 'Roundtable'. "Well Jeff always was a moody, unpredictable bastard as well" he responds, his black garb almost melting into the backstage darkness.

As the familiar taped selection of Ritchie's favourite records begins to run it's nightly course, the band prepare for another show. Joe Lynn has taken it upon himself to do Dave Lee Roth – like workouts, while Rosenthal, currently the quietest member, seems to spend his time wandering around comparing dressing rooms. The lewd but lovable Rondinelli, meanwhile, goes to and fro in search of the eternal sandwich, while his heated Carmen rollers do the job on that fabulous, distinguished mane of hair.

In some quiet corner Roger Glover is to be found digesting a breakfast of chain-smoked mentholated cigarettes and spirits while 'ski-ing partner' manager Bruce Payne darts around swallowing handfuls of Excedrin with Myers Rum chasers looking as if he's carrying the burdens of the world on his rounded shoulders.

Meanwhile, as I paint this pretty verbal picture of life on the road, the familiar strains of Vangelis' epic 'Chariots Of Fire' theme can be heard and larger than life silhouettes of the group seen on the back screen in

IF YOU'VE been fortunate enough to see Rainbow in recent years you may have heard the odd squeak, squeal or chirp and thought 'hello, the monitors are feeding back'.

In fact the people responsible for this high pitched noise are the nubilants pictured above – the band's invisible backing singers who have been dubbed as 'Puss In Boots' by office mascot Toots Daley but are more correctly known as DEE and LYNN respectively.

constant movement, limbering up for the musical workout ahead. The girl backing singers climb up onto a platform that keeps them invisible from the paying onlookers while rock and roll's answer to Les Dawson, crew manager Ray Italian, runs about the place doing last minute checks on the explosives and other effects rigged up around the place.

As the voice of a young, virginal and undrugged Judy Garland recites the *entree* to her canine partner, the audiences eyes and ears are savagely bludgeoned by flash pots, and before anyone can regain a sensible semblance of hearing and vision the group are already onstage with Blackmore furiously belting out the opening chords of 'Spotlight Kid'. During the solo he whips his guitar into a frenzy with the lead while 'Jolene' reveals a visionary side to his performing when spitting out the lyrics; '*just like a junkie you always want more*,' he intones, simultaneously wrapping the mike lead around his arm like a torniquet, making the gestures of someone about to fix up.

Ever since Purple days the two obvious frontmen have been the vocalist and the guitarist (which is probably why the whole set up eventually deteriorated – too many chiefs and not enough Indians), and 'Jolene' has certainly displayed his worth in the singer/songwriter bracket taking the whole set up to a new peak of success with some solid HR commerciality. It's only onstage that the criticisms come fast and furious, for Turner at times proves quite a schizophrenic personality going from the headstrong, powerful and dynamic to the whimpering, weaker realms of cabaret (making the likes of Charles Hawtrey look positively butch) within a matter of performances.

This unpredictable personality change seems to affect the rest of the group's standard of playing, which in a way is understandable when you think that as a front man any embarrassment or cock up he creates reflects on the rest of the mob. As you can imagine, Joe comes in line for the occasional scholarly slap on the back of the head.

Glover, Rondinelli and Rosenthal, however, come over as being much more potent than just a set of accompanying players – especially the first two who've firmly affixed their distinguished personas into the Rainbow set-up. Glover now has a bass solo and occasionally whips out his tambourine for good measure, while Rondinelli goes to almost muppet-like measures to get the fans frothing with some bare-fisted skin-beating, using his delightfully coiffeured barnet to good effect (and before anyone starts an argument regarding who used this 'bare fists' gimmick first – Aldridge or the Round One – the answer is in fact Don Brewer of Grand Funk).

Rosenthal still needs to inject some of his well-concealed fiery temperament into his performance which at the moment is a bit transparent – hardly surprising really as the ex-Boston preppy got thrown in at the deep end going from relative anonimity to mega-stardom in the space of one audition cassette. His soloing and improvisations are occasionally reminiscent of a more studious Tony Carey and the pup does actually get going when indulging in some blues interplay with Mr. Blackmore, as ever the epitome of an axe hero continually teasing and cajoling his avid stargazers and, although the group have strayed into more melodic musical spheres on vinyl live his performance still hasn't lost the maniacal, moody, theatrical flair that put this genius on the musical map.

Tonight he isn't particularly hot, but still manages to raise a few temperatures with a steamin', stampeding version of 'Power' which should've been the single in Britain. He also includes a delightful diversion by playing a teasing snippet of 'Hey Joe' during 'Long Live Rock And Roll'. There's no encore and definitely no apologies for the fact.

The next day we take a short flight to Berlin, which is the closest equivalent to an architectural cemetery I've ever encountered. The name immediately conjures up visions of Sixties monochrome spy movies and one's paranoia is immediately heightened when surrounded and overshadowed by cold, grey concrete.

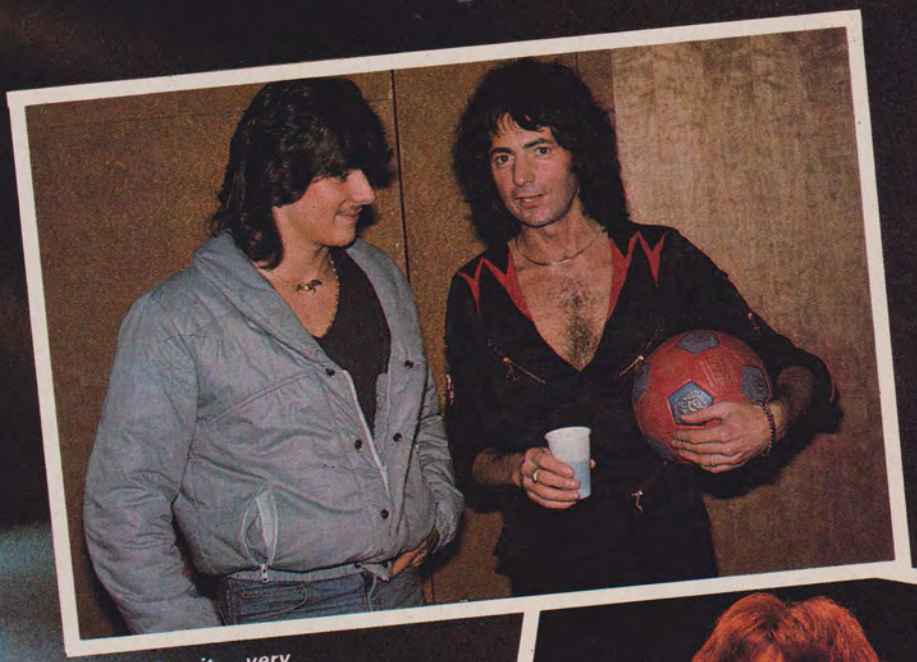
As one might (or might not) expect the stiffness of the city doesn't reflect on the evenings' performance, which everybody agrees is one of the best of the last few. The audience certainly go for it and the band reciprocate by turning out an A-1 set. The show's probably enhanced by the fact that the size of the building allows for all props to be used and once one is confronted by a set of familiar, probing eye balls that hover dangerously over the massed throng there's no turning back. A festive, feast of highlights the evening is given a welcome touch of icing courtesy of Blackmore's six-string sacrifice.

As we say our farewells over a pot of goulash at the airport, me full of apologies for not being my feisty, spirited self, I ask Blackmore about the possibilities of bringing this spectacular show to Britain – a question that can't yet be answered with any real concrete facts as next year's plans are so up in the air.

"Make it up as you go along," says the three o'clock shadow between spoonfuls of Bavarian-like broth," tell 'em I'm thinking of reforming Whitesnake or something."

The fact is ol' Toots has been sworn to secrecy as far as the prospects of '83 go. But one thing is certain though – as with the proverbial Teddy Bears' picnic, you lot are in for a big surprise.

MORE PIX OVER PAGE



"I FIND it very strange, if not disturbing when he comes up and calls me daddy," revealed a paternal looking Blackmore, clutching ball, with son from his first marriage – Jurgen – resident of Hamburg and already proving to be quite an aspiring guitarist. Like father . . . "I mean if he called me Satan or something, it would feel much more natural . . ."

(l-r): ROGER GLOVER (bass/tambourine/vox/producer/writer etc, etc), Ritchie Blackmore (banjo thrasher, overall svengali, commonly known as 'Evil' to his chums), Joe Lynn Turner (lead shout 'n' pout, known as Jolene by his, er, aquaintances), David 'Russ Conway' Rosenthal (known as 'Jacob Hymie' by his accountants and drinking partners) and last but not least Bobby Rondinelli (drums and other vices involving beating of the skins. Reportedly last words uttered were 'Izza no good, where's a mah plate of sanwitches???). Yes, oh unbelievers, it's still the same band!

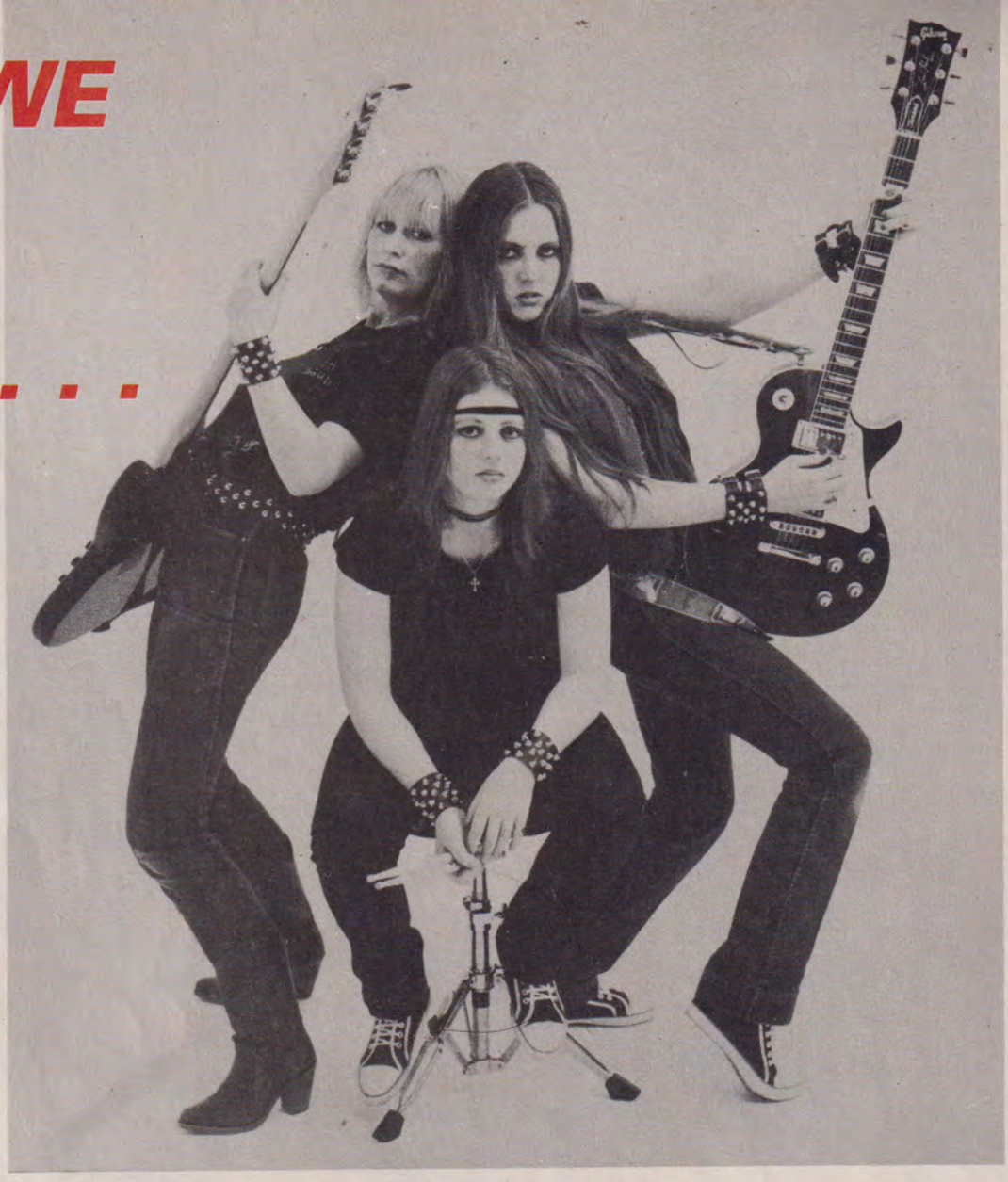
Eric (Rainbow's Scandinavian promoter): "But Ritchie, do you really think the audience will believe I am the reincarnation of Bob Marley with this dab of what you call Cherry Blossom???"

Evil: "Shaddup Eric, if Marillion can get a front cover of Kerrang! with a splash of Dulux then you're in with a chance . . ."

IS THIS Joe Lynn Turner making up for the special effects when they're out of order or has he just discovered Wilko Johnson? Either way he looks pretty much like the geezer in Kung Fu with two boiled eggs in his sockets. It could just be the shock of seeing Gross Halfin in the photographers' pit . . .

pics by Ross Halfin

WHAT WE WANT FROM SANTA. . .



ROCK GODDESS (pictured right)
Jody: *wants to sit on top of the Christmas tree in Trafalgar Square dressed as a fairy singing 'Jingle Bells'.*
Julie: *wants to set up her drum-kit in the North Pole and jam with Father Christmas and the reindeers.*
Tracey: *wants to go out with Santa Claus on Christmas Eve on the sled and drop* Kerrangs *down the chimneys of all good Heavy Metal boys and girls.*

OZZY
Will be getting pissed, having bat soup for Christmas lunch and repairing the chimney on the 15th Century thatched cottage he's recently acquired in the North country. He accidentally set fire to it but hopes to have it fixed in time for Father Christmas to come down.

GIRLSCHOOL
Kelly: *Is looking forward to seeing her new baby brother.*
Denise: *wants a pink Cadillac and a swimming pool.*
Kim: *wants her three front teeth capped.*
Gil: *wants John Edwards and a pair of hair-dressing scissors*

SPIDER
Will be "drinking more tea than usual and having lots of partee games!!!"

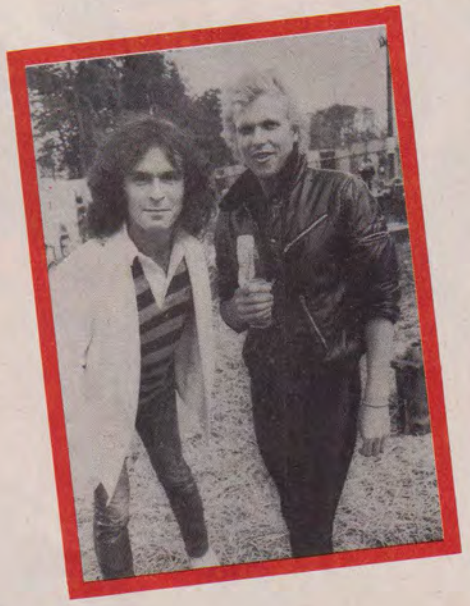
MEL GALLEY (Whitesnake)
"I'll be hanging my balls on the Christmas tree and stuffing the turkey!"

RAT SCABIES (Damned)
"I'll be in a red suit with a pillow up me jumper going burlaring people's houses with a 'Ho, ho, ho!' "

JON DEVERILL (Tygers)
Will be going to South Wales – "the only place on Earth where you can get 'Brains S.A. (Skull Attack)' – a local brew only found in Cardiff."

FRED PURSER (Tygers)
Will be going to the Canary Islands to find a nude beach!

And a Christmas card from Michael and Gary...



Frohes Weinachtsfest
und ein frohes neues Jahr
für alle MSG Fans
who read Kerrang!
Michael Schenker

MERRY CHRISTMAS
TO all KERRANG READERS!
all the best Mates!
Gary Barden
Ian

GILLAN — is this the end?

THIS IS, without doubt, the most difficult feature I've ever had to write. You see, Gillan over these past few years have earnt my total respect. Their integrity, honesty and humility are genuine – not merely publicity fodder.

Talking to any member of the band has never been just a journalist/rock star situation, but rather a friendly exchange of reasoned views between acquaintances.

If this is all starting to sound like an obituary, then that's because in a way it is. Let the facts speak for themselves.

As you've no doubt already heard, Ian Gillan has been having real vocal problems. The full story is that on the third date of the band's massive 'Magic' UK tour, at the Portsmouth Guildhall, his voice just went to pieces.

"It was the worst I've heard it in five years of working with him," a depressed John McCoy told me, when we spoke recently.

In an effort to nip the difficulty in the bud, the main man was rushed to a throat specialist, where the full enormity of the problem became abundantly clear. He is suffering from nodes on the vocal chords, something that's an occupational hazard for singers, in the same way as blisters on the feet are for long-distance runners.

If this is diagnosed early enough, then treatment can be effected without undue cause for alarm. However, in common with the Scorpions' Klaus Meine last year, Gillan's case was found to be rather advanced.

The sole option open to him is an operation followed by nine months complete rest.

"He was told that if he didn't accept this advice, then his voice could cave in completely," added McCoy. Now, for the most bands, receiving such news so early in a hectic touring schedule would have meant an immediately decision to cancel all remaining dates. It is typical of the high regard with which Gillan hold their fans that, with them, the easy way was brushed aside.

"Rather than disappoint all those people who'd already bought tickets for the shows, we decided to carry on."

It was a brave course of action for which all five members of the band should be commended. For a start, any vocalist going on-stage knowing he's at a medical crisis point in his career must be psychologically devasted. Equally the guys around him will obviously go through their own personal emotional hell, simply watching him tearing apart his throat, and also wondering where can they go from here.

"It's really sickening to see the guy stretching himself and being in pain every goddam night. It's thoroughly depressing. We don't talk about it much amongst ourselves, because the priority is just to get psyched up for the gigs. We want to give of our best, but the whole situation preys on our minds.

"The funny thing is Ian has had some shows when he seems to be singing as well as ever. Of course, there are the off-nights, but then that happens to all vocalists out on the road. In fact, so strong has he sounded at certain times, he's talked optimistically about getting a second opinion. But, we all know that's not gonna alter anything.

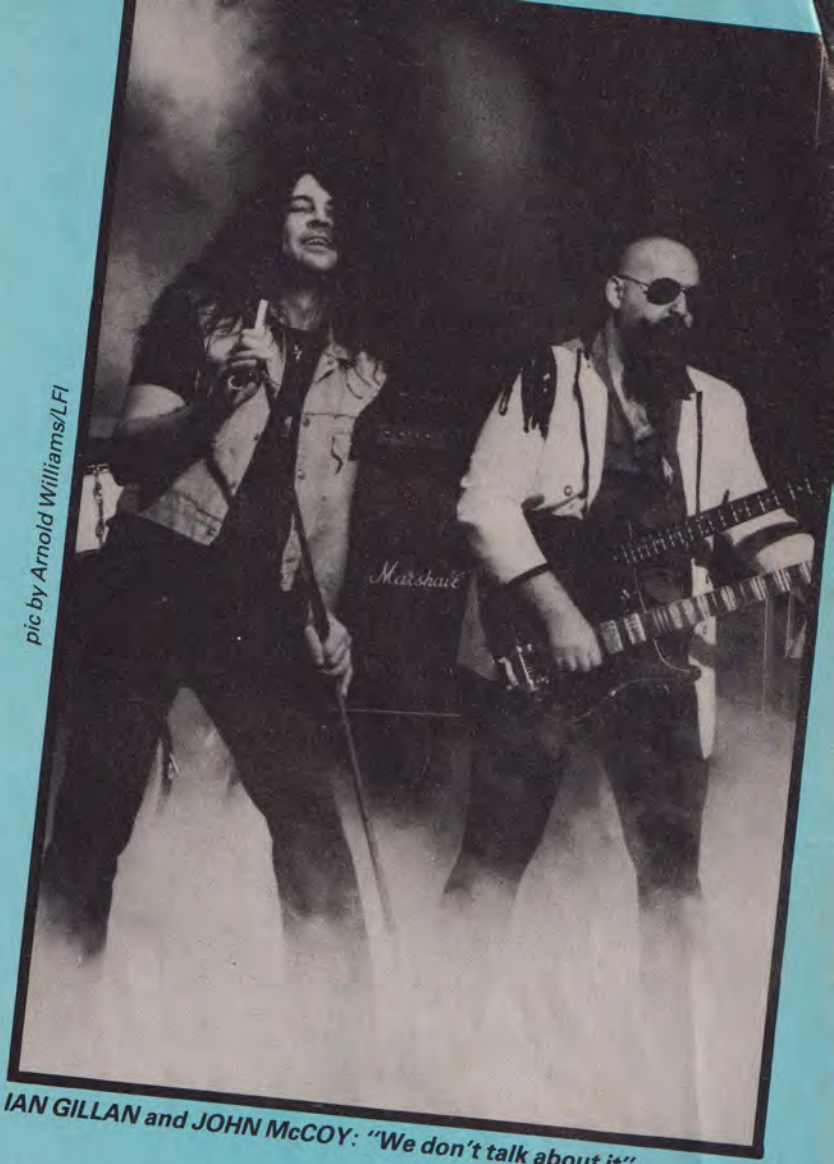
"Obviously the fans have been noticing Ian's difficulties. Back-stage, when we're signing autographs, all of us have been very honest and told 'em the truth. Two kids in Liverpool just broke down in tears when they heard, and begged us to carry on no matter what."

And that, I suppose, brings me to the real question to be answered – what happens now? There seem to be three options open for the band. Firstly, they can accept that Ian Gillan will be out of action for nine months, and kick their heels waiting.

Whitesnake's individual members managed exactly that whilst David Coverdale sorted out his legal wrangles. And, more pertinently, the Scorpions held off from working as a group until Klaus Meine got himself together.

But, there are tremendous obstacles to this. After all, look what happened to Whitesnake. Once certain musicians in the band got involved with outside projects as a means of earning the necessary crust of bread, it became tempting for them to go for new, permanent positions, given the uncertain, nebulous future of the 'mother ship'.

All four instrumentalists with Gillan could conceivably keep things ticking over through solo LPs, session work, and even production. To do this, however, would certainly lead to the present line-up never reforming, of that I'm convinced. As McCoy explained "there's no way any of us could financially afford just to take a year off, simply doing nothing!"



pic by Arnold Williams/LFI

IAN GILLAN and JOHN McCOY: "We don't talk about it"

There's also another problem in playing the waiting game. For, who knows exactly how long it will take Gillan to recover fully? That nine month period is most certainly not a hard and fast fact. Much will depend on how he reacts to the forthcoming treatment. There's no real way of telling when he'll be ready.

The band could stay together, change their name, and get a new vocalist. Naturally, there would be awesome problems here, not the least being trying to replace the almost irreplaceable voice of Gillan. However, this approach appears to be the current favourite with McCoy, Mick Underwood, Janick Gers, and Colin Towns.

"We work so well together that to finish now seems such a waste. This is an almost perfect set-up, you see, and we've given some thought to approaching a new singer. I've a couple of names in mind, but whether they'd take this on is open to question. It would be asking a lot of anyone. However, Virgin have said that they'd be very interested in such a project should it come off."

Personally, I hope the band will have a good shot at finding a vocalist, thereby carrying on. The sheer musical strength they displayed on the superb 'Magic' LP was proof enough for that, even shorn of Ian Gillan's charisma, the remaining quartet can still be a major force.

And, I think they themselves will eventually pick this option. If they do need any encouragement to give it a mighty bash, then they need only recall how everyone wrote off Deep Purple when Gillan left.

Talk of Purple, though, brings me to the rumour that when his voice does mend Gillan will finally join that much-mooted Purple reunion.

But such speculation is rather idle, currently. No decisions have been made about anything to do with Gillan, either the band or the man. And officially there is still a group going under that name. However, of one thing we can be certain – things can never be the same again. And, if as seems highly likely, this line-up has played it's last gig together then the rock scene is the ultimate loser.

MALCOLM DOME

Crunch and Judie

PAUL SUTER nukes the Tzuke image

JESUS, here we go again. It's getting a tad tiresome having to justify certain artists, Judie Tzuke more than most. Nevertheless it's probably necessary to grab you firmly by the collar and bellow into your ear 'Judie Tzuke is not MoR – she's rock!' and hope that the last Hagar album didn't deafen you and consequently waste my time.

'Rock' is a pretty vague term of course, both in the broader sense (funk, rock, punk rock, heavy metal, reggae etc) and the narrower one too – nobody's denying that Fleetwood Mac and Motorhead are both rock acts.

Unlike most rock acts Judie Tzuke isn't constrained by stylistic limitations and wanders happily from one extreme to the other, from 'For You' to 'Black Furs', and it's this brave refusal to be tied down and categorised that is ironically costing her dearly.

The media cringe away from her because they're not sure how to present her, and the consequently uninformed public (no radio airplay!) remember the frail waif who delivered 'Stay With Me Till Dawn' on TOTP clutching the mikestand as if it was her only friend in the world, see the occasional dewy eyed poster or photo, and draw the logical conclusions.

But Judie Tzuke is not a wimp – for heaven's sake, she's even been featured in *Kerrang!* Well, she will have been when I've finished writing this ...

She's disarmingly frank about her failure to put her true self across, but more than a little wilful in her unwillingness to co-operate. She knows what's gone wrong, but she's not about to grovel apologetically to those who've drawn the wrong conclusions – the ones who haven't bought her records after all – and bluntly intends to do what she wants. If the mountain won't come to Mohammed then sod it, there's always soil erosion. Quick 'n' easy stardom isn't in this lady's line of thinking at all.

"Basically I do what I do for me, I don't do it for anybody else. They're the ones that are missing out!" she laughs, although thoughtfully adding, "but one day they might hear it. If not they won't catch on, but I'll still be doing it.

"It would be nice to be more successful, it would make things a lot easier. We're not doing badly – we sell the same number of albums every time – but possibly we're not going to be huge. The only reason that I would like to be more successful is so that I would have more facilities, be able to take more time over recording albums and so on, just to make them better records.

"Being huge frightens me anyway. It's bad enough now, if I go out and haven't washed my hair or I haven't got make up on and somebody recognises me I'm embarrassed because they've seen me like that – and if they don't recognise me I wonder how awful I must look. There's a certain obligation, if people know who you are, to be the person they think you are, not to be a disappointment."

Eeeek, the image problem raises its beautifully coiffeured head! Remember those wispily romantic posters and photos that have misrepresented her so badly? Judue freely admits that it's her own fault.

"Now we're going to try and base my image on what I'm always like, rather than what I'm like when I'm at my best. If I've got to have an image then I might as well push what I actually am rather than what other people would like me to be. It's what I've always wanted to do, but you go about it in the wrong way. In a photo session you naturally want to look your best – but in doing so you lose a lot of what you are."

So what is Judie Tzuke? Simply she's a musician who loves music and loves creating it, and detests the straightjacket that the music business can be. You can only play the business at its own game when you're part of it, but to Judie it's nothing more than machinery; she wants to make music, her music, and hopes that people will like it so that she can generate enough finance to keep on making it.

She's not crusading, not trying to deliver any great message – it's purely a personal pleasure and she's not about to manipulate the unaware in order to fuel that personal pleasure. The simple fact is though that manipulation shouldn't be necessary – if you listen to Judie Tzuke instead of dismissing her without hearing there would definitely be something there for one and all to savour. And never more so than on the new live album ...

Reviews of the album have been universally favourable, and tinged with tones of surprise – maybe the media in general are beginning to wake up to her. It's rough and ready, a warts 'n' all package of excellent material well delivered, significantly different from the sanitised perfection cynics might have expected.

The mix is emphatically live, booming around the confines of the Hammersmith Odeon where it was recorded over a mere two nights on the current tour, with one track from Hitchin and one from Glastonbury the only additional recordings that were available to choose from (and were used!). No string section, just vocals, guitar, keyboards, bass drums and percussion – y'know, a rock band.

"Some of the tracks I really like, but some I wish could be a bit better. To be honest I was going to insist on overdubbing the vocals – I've always wanted to do a live album but I'm such a perfectionist with the vocals, I hear every note that's even slightly out of tune, and I never thought that I could do a live album and leave the vocals – but I caught the flu and couldn't overdub, so I had to!

"Now I'm glad that we had to leave it as it is – it's got much more atmosphere, it sounds like I had always hoped that we sound.

"Funnily enough vocally I think the best track on it for me is 'Come Hell Or Waters High' which we did at Glastonbury, and I had a cold then, and I honestly thought I was dreadful that day. My voice was really going – usually when you're singing with a cold it doesn't physically hurt, but it was really painful that night – and all the way through the show I was thinking 'I can't do it, I've got to tell them I can't go on.'

"But when I was about to do it I saw Jackson Browne standing on the side of the stage, and I've really liked him for years. That made me really want to do well and I thought 'damn it, no!' and went. When I heard the tape I couldn't believe it, we sounded really good ... considering it was live!"

Ironically the live album comes out at a time when the attractions of life on tour have reached their lowest point ever for Judie – the gruelling three months of dates that led up to the album have left their mark, and Judie and Pax (guitarist Mike Paxman) are now thinking about tracks for the next album, and not live dates to promote 'Road Noise'.

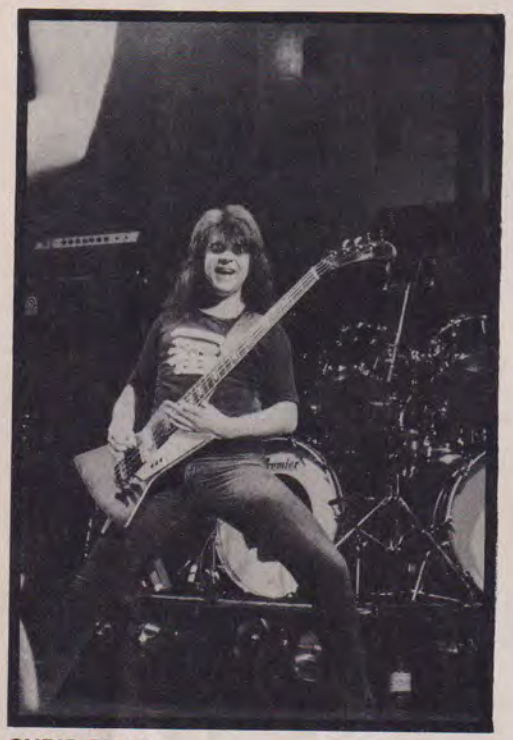
Not even one or two, because keyboards player Bob Noble is about to tour with Roy Harper, whilst bassist John Edwards is currently ... wait for it ... a Dexy's Midnight Runner!

"After the tour I just felt like giving up completely, not because it was unsuccessful in fact it did really well, but the whole thing wore me out completely and I got fed up and frustrated. I got involved far too much in the business side when I didn't really want to, and I got to a point where I didn't like the whole thing any more.

"I'm sure we will go on tour again, it's just that after the last one I'm sure that I was very close to a nervous breakdown. I ended up with 52 teasets you know! I get nervous during the day before a gig, so to relieve the nerves I suddenly developed this interest in wandering around antique shops – I've been doing it now and then for years, but I suddenly became completely obsessive about it, with the result that I've now got a room full of antique teasets!

"It killed my nerves completely, instead of going on stage full of nerves I was trying to remember the colour of the teapot I'd bought that day! Afterwards I honestly thought I must have been going mad, but I met someone from the Moody Blues and apparently he came back from an American tour with about fifty tracksuits and twenty five squash rackets ... and he doesn't even play squash!"

KONCERTS!



CHRIS GLEN

GARY BARDEN

MICHAEL SCHENKER

THE MICHAEL SCHENKER GROUP:
Colston Hall, Bristol.

FIRST NIGHTS can often turn out to be disastrous, but happily MSG encountered few problems on the opening date of their 1982 UK tour. Indeed, despite all the changes that have taken place within the band since Schenker's last British outing, the Bristol crowd welcomed the German guitarist with open arms and their response was totally ecstatic.

The evening's entertainment had commenced with a lively set from Dutch rockers Vandenberg and by nine o'clock the houselights were dimmed to signify the start of MSG's show. Before long, the band were on stage playing the instrumental 'Ulcer' which led into a rousing rendition of 'Cry For The Nation'. The rest of their set comprised material from the first two MSG LP's, together with 'Rock You To The Ground' and 'Desert Song' from the current 'Assault Attack' album, and also a couple of UFO classics.

In the past I've tended to find MSG live gigs to be a curious amalgam of light and hard rock, but this time around they've gone totally heavy. Their approach is very 'up' and consequently tunes like 'Looking For Love' and the aforementioned 'Rock You To The Ground' have replaced some of the more moody numbers such as 'Never Trust A Stranger' and 'On And On'.

It was good to see Gary Barden receive such strong support from the fans and it would be hard to imagine seeing MSG with any other vocalist – no names mentioned! Having missed the Reading Festival show, this was also my first chance to witness Ted McKenna in the line-up and I must confess that I was most impressed.

While Cozy Powell (who incidentally turned up at the Bristol gig wearing a false beard!) was very much a 'star' in his own right, the former SAHB skinbeater maintains a somewhat lower profile. Nevertheless he provides a solid backbone to proceedings and works well with his old pal Chris Glen. Andy Nye would appear to have secured the permanent role as keyboard player and he's certainly competent, although not quite as charismatic as Paul Raymond.

And finally – well, apart from 'second guitarist' Steve Casey – Schenker himself. My last encounter with the man a few weeks before the start of the tour saw him in an exhausted state, but fortunately a brief break seems to have brought him back to better health. He was in glorious form at Bristol and in fact his 'Courvoisier Concerto' solo spot at the beginning of 'Lost Horizons' was pure magic. Throughout the set he unleashed a blitz of fiery lead work and the solo work on 'Looking For Love' and 'Rock Bottom' was particularly awesome.

The overall pacing of the set was very fast (first night nerves?) and MSG raced through their set like lightning. Still, they were very good and one can only hope that this line-up will remain intact . . . the last thing Michael needs at this stage of his career is more changes.

STEVE GETT

MARILLION,
Galla Ballroom, Norwich.

CARDS on the table time. Curiosity aroused by all the press coverage I figured to be hype, I thought this band might be interesting. Nothing else. So when the lights went out and Marillion took the stage I was quite unprepared for the one hour and forty minutes that followed.

All initial impressions of the band are dominated by the towering figure of cover star Fish, a very tall fellow whose garish grease paint mask is a striking part of the charisma that has convinced so many that he is a star of the future. Some guys have it and some don't, Fish *radiates it.*

His impact on the audience is amazing to witness. They went berserk after every number but this applause fell to a reverent hush when he began to introduce the next. The odd wise crack from the floor was matched with the expertise of a club comic and the dry humour extended to his outline of the lyrical message he was about to unfold . . . even though most were totally serious and even morbid.

My strongest recollection comes from the third song 'The Web' when he approached the mike stand clutching a jesters hood. Turning it to face front showed it to be worn by a skull. As the music swirled behind him, he caressed and kissed it in mock passion, grotesque imagery to symbolise the lyrics on the death of a relationship. Dramatic stuff not quickly forgotten.

Faced with this kind of opposition/support (!) the rest of Marillion fall a long way behind in visual appeal. Happily though they are all ridiculously competent musicians who cope with the musical complexities with ease. 'Complex' is certainly the crucial adjective when analysing the songs themselves. They are not the kind you whistle on the way home from the gig, or in the bath. They all tend to weigh in around the ten minutes mark for a start.

Only one song overstayed it's welcome according to my note-book. That was their epic 'Grendel' which fortunately came early in the set, twenty minutes is a long time by anybody's standard and on *first hearing* it seemed unable to maintain the emotion and intensity that characterised most of the rest of the material.

This grumble aside, here speaks a convert. Not bad considering I don't even like this sort of thing! So it wasn't hype after all . . .

NEIL JEFFRIES

BARON ROJO
Marquee, London

THE WORD, is definitely out. Only two months since this fair organ published it's first spread of searing superlatives on the renegade 'Rojo's, the band have never been far away from the heavy metal public eye. A rock solid Reading appearance, followed more recently by a nationwide tour with Hawkwind and the release of the Volumen Brutal album, culminating with a two-night headlining stint at the Marquee. Although the club was hardly packed to the rafters with drooling fans, those present witnessed a ridiculously unrestrained set from the Barons.

Showing their roots somewhat by sporting Y&T/Blackfoot regalia, the brothers Castro, bassist Jose Luis Campuzano and drummer, Terry McDermot lookalike Hermes Calabria, stormed through a riotous set of solid rock anthems to the delight of the Thursday night crowd. The definite highpoints of the set were the moody 'Poor I Was Born', and the hilarious BOC/Quo style three-man headbang during 'Flowers Of Evil', when there was enough hair flying around the Maquee stage as to make the likes of Gillan and Biff Byford seem more akin to newly shaven Buster Bloodvessels in comparison.

Personally, I could have done without the rather drawn out drum solo midway through 'The Baron Flies Over England'. A totally subjective opinion I'll admit, and while Hermes is obviously a skilful skinsman, the effect for me was to almost totally blot out what had gone before – which was in fact rather good. Coming across as an

CHRIS and MICHAEL *pic by George Bodnar*

unholy amalgam of Quo's 'Mean Girl' and Girlschool's version of 'Race With The Devil'. Armando's lead work was breathtaking throughout most of the hour plus set, hitting a peak with 'Concert – For Them' (dedicated to Hendrix – Bolan and Joplin) during which he proceeded to let rip on his Flying V in well documented Townsend/Blackmore fashion.

As if all this wasn't enough, the band were called back for two encores and were joined onstage by (amongst others) John Sloman on vocals and Paul Samson as fourth guitarist, for totally anarchic run throughs of 'Crossroads' and 'Johnny B Goode'.

Perhaps, overall, not the 'Greatest Gig Of All Time', but certainly one which left me sufficiently impressed by my first sighting of Baron Rojo to be back in the queue when they hopefully hit these shores again next year.

MARK GREGORY

DESTROYA
The Ruskin Arms, London

THE POSTERS advertising this gig promised a dose of Mascara Mayhem but what really transpired was an evening of Maiden Mimickry.

East London's Destroya (as opposed to the similar sounding -er band) are by no means total clones, but for the most part of their set they rely heavily on the Maiden's influence. Andy Diamond's vocals throughout the early stages absolutely reek of Paul Di'Anno in both feel and phrasing. And Brian Genocide, although a little more simplistic in technique, is without doubt a scholar of the Steve Harris School of Bass Playing.

More than half of the numbers that Destroya played seemed to degenerate into "Phantom Of The Opera"-style rifferamas which was a shame as some of the less derivative numbers did show promise. One such number was "The Craze" which had a throbbing bassline and interesting recurring riff. The encore of their anthem "Destroya" also was a highly impressive chunk of adrenalin-charged metal.

But they still have a lot to learn about stage presence. The way to get an audience going is not to shout "f***ing wake up you f***ing sods", and bassist Genocide should perhaps think a little more before mouthing off to the people who pay his wages.

In all fairness to the band I must point out that this current line-up has been together for a mere three weeks, and they assure me that most of the set is to be re-written in the near future. If the Iron Maiden influences can be disposed of (or capitalised on) they may stand a chance, but otherwise I can't really see them breaking out of the pub 'n' club circuit.

DAVID LING

DAGA BAND
City Of London University

TO START with I must point out that ELP are probably my least favourite band of all time and so when I was told by someone that The Daga's were the new ELP I nearly puked. 95 hour drum solos, podgy bass players and the only redeeming feature being a keyboard player who new his onions.

Thank God they were wrong. There is more to say about one Daga band song than all the ELP albums put together. I don't mean that as a slur on ELP fans because after all there is no accounting for taste.

Suffering, as many support bands seem to these days from the naff sound blues, it was obvious that things were not as they should be. Not least the drums, which due to no monitors were a bit of a joke. And so it was up to the visual dynamism of keyboard player Greg Boynton to carry the show.

It wasn't just the show he carried, dragging his Hammond C3 all over the stage he set about writing the musical score for the end of the world while his brother Phil on drums and guitarist Steve Fiddler tried hard to maintain some degree of musical sanity. Even on the cover of the Who's 'I Can See For Miles' it was hard to find any trace of the original without the use of a stethoscope.

But the real tour de force is 'Reds Under The Beds' which is mayhem city with the throbbing C3 being used as anything but a musical instrument, trampoline, football and wrestling partner with the climax coming as the organ falls face down shedding it's keys into the audience as the band leave the stage to howling feedback.

Aroused by lunacy the crowd demand an encore which again due to no monitors is a loose Cream style jam that is cut short again as the organ bites the dust.

Musical this gig was not, but under the circumstances the Daga Band turned everything to their favour. In time I will probably be able to tell you what they sound like as well.

GEOFF BANKS

CRYER.
Railway, Birmingham.

A QUICK mention first for support Briar who show astounding skill and musicianship with the oldest member only seventeen years old. An unbelievably high standard of rock 'n' roll from these youngsters!

Now to the main band and one thought that keeps going through my head – squandered talent. When the 'NWO BHM' brought new groups to the fore Cryer were swept along but failed to press the advantage. They sat on their collective arses and now a year later are playing to a handful of locals instead of packing out the Marquee.

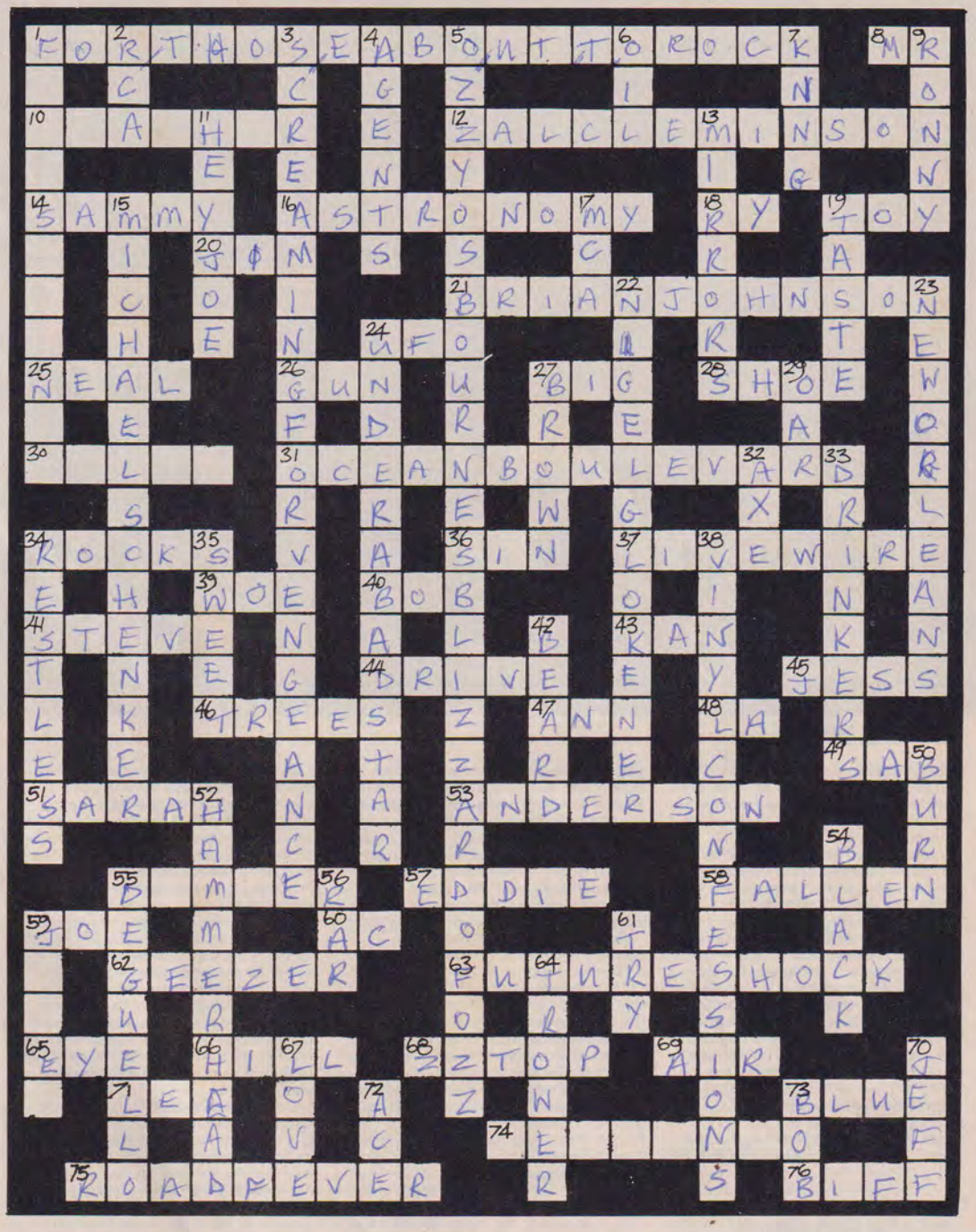
But I'm unrepentant, I still firmly believe that they can make it if only they would get out of Birmingham. My argument is based on the sheer quality of their songs, 'King's Fury' starts with a soft keyboard pattern before building to a crushing crescendo, 'Hesitate' the ultimate ballad with a killer chorus, always leaves a lump in the throat as singer Graham Careless Gillan-screams the ending, and their single, 'The Visionary' which failed embarrasingly during the singalong section which sadly shows how they have lost the fanatical following they once had.

Although the pyrotechnics that were synonymous with their name have been dropped they have a more physical show and the new material has a streamlined commercial feel. No matter how many people tell me Cryer are a lumbering dinosaur of the Brum scene that needs to be put down (like Quartz!) I will not listen, one day they will be huge.

WAYNE PERKINS

KERROSSWORD!

A special Christmas mega-puzzle compiled, as always, by Sue Buckley



ACROSS

1. An AC-DC classic anthem (3.4.4.2.4.)
8. and 27. across. 'Romeo' was their only hit 45 (2.3)
10. Maiden's life? (7)
12. He was once featured axe man with the SAHB (3.9)
14. Just Hagar (5)
16. A precise science for Bloom and co ... they always wanted to be stars (9)
18. Guitar stylist from the slide area (2)
19. Just one that may be in Aerosmith's attic (3)
20. Saga's Crichton? (3)
21. He came from Geordie land to help out 1 across (5.7)
24. A phenomenal band (1.1.1.)
25. Journey man Schon (4)
26. They had a famous race with the devil (3)
27. see 8
28. see 27 down
30. Family name of Lemmy's fave sisters (5)
31. Seaside address for old Slowhand (5.9)
34. Def Lep exhorted us to get 'em off (5)
36. City for 1 across (3)
37. It would give Motley Crue a shock (4.4)
39. A sack full of this makes a blues classic (3)
40. An old shilling for Daisley (3)
41. Journey man Perry (5)
43. They may sound like a metallic band, but they're nowhere near (3)
44. Scorpions had the love one (5)
45. This Roden led a legendary band (4)
46. What Rush and the Forest of Dean have in common? (5)
47. A hearty Wilson (3)
48. Place for Ritchie to connect (1.1)
49. Boston's Hashian (3)
51. A girl for Phil (5)
53. .... and an angry Aussie (8)
55. This John was leader of a sixties band and this year he made a chart comeback in a very un-metallic way (6)
57. A fast axe man (5)
58. Heep's angel (6)
59. Just Lynn Turner (3)
60. Our current from 1 across (1.1)
62. Rock's Butler (6)
63. What Ian might get tomorrow from 37 across? (6.5)
65. Projected by Alan Parsons (3)
66. A dusty one from 68 across (4)
68. Tres Hombres? (1.1.4)
69. Baker's old force (3)
71. One rusher? (3)
73. Colour of an Oyster Cult (4)
74. Find this Krokus man in a hideaway? (8)
75. Motorway sickness from Foghat? (4.5)
76. A Saxon (4)

DOWN

1. He didn't look back (4.7)
2. A label for Eric (1.1.1.)
3. Why Judas Priest is blue in the face? (9.3.9.)
4. Did they bring fortunes to 73 across? (6)
5. They helped a mad man to keep a diary (5.9.8.2.3)
6. What Tull found in the N. Sea (3)
7. Crimson title (4)
9. .... and a sexy (?) Californian (5)
11. What Hendrix shouted to a gunman (3.3)
13. They reflect on 73 across (7)
15. The leading dancer? (7.8)
17. Find this label lurking within John McAdam? (1.1.1)
19. A sample of what Rory had to offer (5)
22. Saxon skinsman (5.8)
23. Ian's fave town? (3.7)
24. Where Cream were born? Bad luck? Ask 16 across (5.1.3.4)
27. and 28. Beatles had a famous old one, but its not soul (?) music (5.4)
29. Did Styx use this on their boat on the river? (3)
32. Eugene's careful chopper (3)
33. Lemmy's beer guzzlers (8)
34. Why Ian can't settle? (8)
35. Sab's leaf (5)
38. Recorded revelations all the way from Kansas (5.11)
42. ⅓ of 68 across (5)
50. Purple on fire (4)
52. A type of shark from Samson? (6.4)
54. Sabs/Night (5)
55. A classic from 68 across (8)
56. Many HM stars have performed for this worthy musical/racial cause (1.1.1)
59. A young Styx person (5)
61. You'll make it if you do this say the Stones (3)
64. The in city dreamer (6)
67. Whitesnakes hunter (4)
70. Just Beck (4)
72. A card for Frehley (3)
73. Alkatraz's Jenner (3)

SOLUTION ON PAGE 38 . . .

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JIMI HENDRIX	K4019	ROD STEWART	P3199	PAT BENATAR	R08
BOB DYLAN	K1243	ELVIS COSTELLO	P3223	ELO	P3198
BLACK SABBATH	TA1040	ERIC CLAPTON	P3211	RUSH	R014
BLACK SABBATH	P3341	DAVID LEE ROTH	R04	RUSH	K1237
THE JAM	V6152	THE UNDERTONES	R3252	YES	P3173
MADNESS	V6157	BLONDIE	R02	THE WHO	R042
GILLAN	V1297	BLONDIE	TA1002	DAVID BOWIE	R06
JETHRO TULL	P3264	THE STRANGLERS	P3158	GENESIS	P3166
ANGUS YOUNG	B1167	ADAM WITH ANTS	TA1008	UFO	P3210
KIM WILDE	P3321	THE FONZ	W55	TED NUGENT	P3256
CLASH	R05	BLACK SABBATH	P3285	POLICE	R011
FREDDY MERCURY	R021	CLASH	TA1022	JUDAS PRIEST	P3255
SAXON	P3317	ANGUS YOUNG	TA1018	JUDAS PRIEST	TA1004
IRON MAIDEN	P3316	ANGUS YOUNG	R063	SHAM 69	P3201
IRON MAIDEN	P3318	YOUNG AND JOHNSON (AC/DC)	R061	JERRY GARCIA	TA1031
STATUS QUO	B1165	BON SCOTT	R064	MICK JAGGER	TA1020
MOTORHEAD	B1166	BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN	TA1030	MARILYN MONROE	R079
FLEETWOOD MAC	W69	TOYAH	TA1036	JOHN WAYNE	V1157
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JIMMY PAGE	R052	ROLLING STONES	M1386	WENDY O WILLIAMS	R051
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STATUS QUO	K1224	STYX	R073	JIMI HENDRIX	P3040
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KISS	P3171			BOB DYLAN	P3212
AC/DC	P3206			STATUS QUO	P3207
LED ZEPPELIN	P3246			QUEEN	P3174
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KERROSSWORD!

solution to puzzle on page 36

ACROSS: 1. For Those About To Rock 8. Mr. 10. Another 12. Zal Cleminson 14. Sammy 16. Astronomy 18. Ry 19. Toy 20. Jim 21. Brian Johnson 24. UFO 25. Neal 26. Gun 27. Big 28. Shoe 30. Nolan 31. Ocean Boulevard 34. Rocks 36. Sin 37. Live Wire 39. Woe 40. Bob 41. Steve 43. Can 44. Drive 45. Jess 46. Trees 47. Ann 48. LA 49. Sib 51. Sarah 53. Anderson 55. Dummer 57. Eddie 58. Fallen 59. Joe 60. AC 62. Geezer 63. Future Shock 65. Eve 66. Hill 68. ZZ Top 69 Air 71. Lee 73. Blue 74. Fernando 75. Road Fever 76. Biff

DOWN: 1. Fran Sheenan 2. RSO 3. Screaming For Vengeance 4. Agents 5. Ozzy Osbourne's Blizzard of Ozz 6. Oil 7. King 9. Randy 11. Hey Joe 13. Mirrors 15. Michael Schenker 17. MCA 19. Taste 22. Nigel Glockner 23. New Orleans 24. Under A Bad Sign 27. Brown 29. Oar 32. Axe 33. Drinkers 34. Restless 35. Sweet 38. Vinyl Confessions 42. Beard 50. Burn 52. Hammer Head 54. Black 55. Deguello 56. R.A.R. 59. James 61. Try 64. Trower 67. Love 70. Jeff 72. Ace 73. Bob.

ARE YOU GROSS ENOUGH?

answers to questions on page 22

1) c, 2) c, 3) c .... in fact they're all c, except 10), which we're still trying to work out.

KERRISMAS KWIZ

answers to questions on page 40

1) Ian Paice.
2) Terry Brown.
3) Status Quo, Gillan, Saxon, Hawkwind, Uriah Heep & Anvil.
4) August 21st.
5) Budgie, Iron Maiden & MSG.
6) Twisted Sister.
7) Black Sheep.
8) Max Norman.
9) Demon.
10) Gary Moore.
11) 'Never Say Die'.
12) Dave Dowle.
13) Mark Evans.
14) Home.
15) Roy Thomas Baker.
16) April Wine.
17) Six.
18) Steve Bird.
19) Carmine Appice.
20) Cream.
21) 'Stormbringer'.
22) 'Nine On A Ten Scale'.
23) Denny Carmassi.
24) Noel Redding and Mitch Mitchell.
25) Doug Samson.
26) 'Captured'.
27) Roger Clover.
28) Three.
29) 'Kiss', 'Hotter Than Hell' & 'Dressed To Kill'.
30) 25th September, 1980.
31) Vince.
32) Ronnie Montrose, Sammy Hagar, Denny Carmassi and Alan Fitzgerald.
33) 'Kingdom Of Madness, 1978.
34) Leslie West.
35) 'Intensities In Ten Cities'.
36) Quartz.
37) Styx.
38) Persian Risk.
39) 'Time Tells No Lies'.
40) John Lawton.
41) Glen Buxton.
42) Earth.
43) MCA, A&M and RCA.
44) 'Kentucky Woman'.
45) Andy Fraser.
46) John Mayhew.
47) Brian Johnson.
48) Tony Iommi.
49) 'Premonition'.
50) Asia.
51) The Arrows.
52) Kilburn.
53) 'Abominog'.
54) Y&T guitarist.
55) 'Big Teaser'.
56) Both released singles called 'In The Heat Of The Night'.
57) 'Drama'.
58) Hawaii, Tommy Aldridge.
59) Angry Anderson.
60) 'Nip In The Bud'.
61) Electric Gypsys' bassist.
62) Punky Meadows.
63) 'Live Without A Net'.
64) Blue Oyster Cult.
65) Raven.
66) Gerald Woodruffe.
67) The Rods.
68) Vardis.
69) Jonathon Cain.
70) Portrait.
71) 'Jinx'.
72) Tammy Wynette.
73) Paul Rodgers.
74) False.
75) Heart.
76) 1974.
77) Vanda & Young.
78) David Rosenthal.
79) Vince Neal.
80) White house.

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SAXON

from page 7

Graham suddenly remembered that there WERE plans afoot for a more extrovert Saxon Christmas than Biff had visualised.

"We'll be out in the vicinity where we live causing havoc over Christmas, driving big American cars and riding motorbikes. There's going to be a party at the Lyceum in Sheffield, so some of us will go up there and play. It'll be a bit of a knees-up jam session."

"I ain't heard about it," said Biff. "That's because they don't want me to come. They know once I'm up they'll not get me off."

Meanwhile Steve and Graham came up with an idea for a *Kerrang!* competition – Saxon's ideal Christmas presents. They know what they want.

Said Graham: "I want a live tape from Gary Moore's up-coming tour, a Jimi Hendrix autograph that K.K. Downing promised me, a new cassette deck, oh and some tyres for me car."

Biff roared with laughter at this prosaic addition. "Is that it? Well basically I've got everything that I need so I don't want any presents. I've got two motorbikes a new house and a Scalextric set. What more could a rock star ask?"

Graham suggested he might like a jar of pickles and some brown sauce. Biff shook his head. "Bah. No, what I think would make a nice Christmas present for us is to get this album how we want it. Finish it in four weeks, like everybody is praying for us to do, take it home for Christmas, sit down and listen to it and say "Oh, that sounds great."

It was time for the boys to start dressing up as Father Christmas and the Three Wise Men and for me to start chucking snow about. At least they didn't ask me to shower them in batter pudding. Maybe next Christmas . . .

GUITAR HEROES No. 5

features Ritchie Blackmore, Mick Box and many more and is in your newsagent now, price 80p

KERRANG'S KRISTMAS KWIZ

Pit your metal marbles against our 80-question brainbuster. It's so hard even we couldn't do it!

1) Who plays drums on Whitesnake's current 'Saints 'n' Sinners' LP?
2) Name Rush's co'producer.
3) What was the complete bill at this year's Castle Donnington festival? (Six groups).
4) Can you remember the date of that gig?
5) Who were the three headlining bands at Reading '82?
6) With which band did Lemmy, Pete Way and Eddie Clarke jam on the Sunday?
7) What was Lou Gramm's previous band before he joined Foreigner?
8) Who produced Y&T's 'Black Tiger' album?
9) Which band played host to an unexpected guest earlier this year?
10) A famous axeman once released an LP titled 'Grinding Stone' – who is he?
11) What was Ozzy's last studio album with Sabbath?
12) Who played drums for Whitesnake before Ian Paice?
13) Whom did Cliff Williams replace when he joined AC/DC?
14) Cliff was also in a band with Wishbone Ash guitarist Laurie Wisefield – who were they?
15) Who produced Cheap Trick's 'One On One' LP?

Your Kwestionmaster: STEVE GETT

16) Which Canadian band does Myles Goodwin front?
17) How many Bad Company albums have there been?
18) Gillan's guitarist before Bernie Torme?
19) Who was the drummer in the American band Cactus?
20) Which legendary 60's combo released an LP called 'Disraeli Gears'
21) What was the last Deep Purple studio elpee to feature Ritchie Blackmore?
22) The name of Sammy Hagar's debut solo effort please.
23) Who is the drummer with Heart?
24) Name the two other members of the Jimi Hendrix Experience.
25) Who played drums on Iron Maiden's 'Soundhouse Tapes'?
26) What was the title of Journey's live album?
27) Who produced Judas Priests's 'Sin After Sin' LP?
28) How many studio albums had Kiss released before their first live LP came out?
29) What were they?
30) What was the date of John Bonham's death?
31) Frank Marino has a brother in his band – what's his name?
32) Who was in the original line-up of Montrose?
33) What was the title of the first Magnum album and in which year did it come out?
34) Who was the guitarist in the band Mountain?
35) What is Ted Nugent's most recent live album called?
36) Which Midlands band had their first LP produced by Tony Iommi?
37) They once released a record titled 'The Serpent Is Rising' – who are they?
38) What was Jon Deverill's band before he joined the Tygers Of Pan Tang?
39) Can you remember the title of the debut Preying Mantis platter?
40) Who took over from David Byron in Uriah Heep?
41) Who was the lead guitarist in Alice Cooper's Billion Dollar Babies band?
42) What was Black Sabbath's original name?
43) Budgie have recorded with three different record companies – which ones?
44) Deep Purple once had a hit with a Neil Diamond song – what was it called?
45) Who was the original bassist in Free?
46) Who was the Genesis drummer before Phil Collins arrived on the scene?
47) 'Don't Do That' sang this man back in 1972 – who is he and with whom was he vocalist then?
48) Which member of Black Sabbath was temporarily in Jethro Tull?
49) What was the title of Survivor's second album?
50) This band told us that only time will tell: who are they?
51) Who originally wrote and recorded the song 'I Love Rock 'n' Roll'?
52) Where was Deep Purple's 'Live In London' album recorded?
53) What was the title of Uriah Heep's last album?
54) Who is David Meniketti?
55) What was Saxon's first single?
56) What do Mama's Boys have in common with Diamond Head?
57) What was the final Yes studio record?
58) Where did Ozzy get married and who was his best man?
59) Who sang a song about 'The Butcher and Fast Eddie?
60) What was the title of Scorpion drummer Herman Rarebell's solo LP?
61) Who is Everton Williams?
62) Who was Angel's guitarist?
63) And what was the title of that band's live album?
64) Who once recorded a song about a veteran of psychic wars?
65) They supported Girlschool and recently released an EP entitled 'Crash, Bang, Wallop' – the name of this band please.
66) Who played keyboards on Robert Plant's 'Pictures At Eleven' album?
67) According to this mob there's nothing going on in the city – who are they?
68) Who had a plot to rock the world?
69) Which member of Journey recently helped write and record an LP for his wife?
70) On which label was the Aldo Nova album released?
71) What was the title of Rory Gallagher's 1982 album?
72) Motorhead and The Plasmatics released a version of 'Stand By Your Man' a while back – can you tell us who put out the original?
73) Who said, 'Hey, what is this? Now baby maybe she's in need of a kiss?
74) REO Speedwagon have never toured Britain – true or false?
75) Who gave a private audition this year?
76) In which year did Paul Chapman first join UFO?
77) Which famous duo produced Cheetah's 'Rock & Roll Women' LP?
78) Who plays keyboards for Rainbow? (Well, at least at the time we went to press!)
79) Who is Motley Crue's lead singer?
80) Ritchie Blackmore once wrote an instrumental called 'Weiss Heim' – what do those words mean?

Answers on page 38

DUMPY, of Dumpy's Rusty Bolts fame, is one mean mutha. The baadest biker ever to straddle a saddle. Don't take no lip from no-one, right?

So when this naff ol' neighbour leans outta his window and asks Dumps to stop revving his bike in the street, our man knows he's gotta teach the wimp a lesson, right?

Ba-rrroooommmm! Before you can say Marlon Brando our man wheelies his chopper right thru the nurd's double-glazing and burns rubbers across the Axminster.

"This loug enough for ya, sucker?" snarls the Big D before stomping the sap's favourite LP and biting the head off his gnome.

(And now, for the sensible version, over to Our Motorcycling Correspondent, Harley Davidson. . . .)

Dumpy's machine is a Triumph TR6 'Cafe Racer', a 650cc with a four speed gear box, metallic blue fuel tank and chromium structure. It's a classic bike and something of a rarity; in mint condition, today's price would be around £2,000. It's a 'pre unit' bike which means that the engine, gearbox etc, are all separate units, unlike most of the bulk manufactured machines in vogue today where the engine, gear box and other component parts are all as one complete unit. The machine is capable of 120mph.

Dumpy spends half his life playing rock 'n' roll and the other half lovingly maintaining his 'treasure'. The bike was the inspiration behind the current Dumpy single 'Box Hill Or Bust' (Cool King 008); a year ago Dumpy was belting the Triumph to Box Hill, a famed meeting place for bikers in the South of England, just outside Leatherhead as he was overtaking a car, the engine blew, the crank case shattered and the result was a hell of a mess. Hence 'or bust'. It took him six months to collect the requisite parts and get the bike back on the road.

pic by Ray Palmer

BOOKS

reviewed by Malcolm Dome and Howard Johnson

PROFESSOR P. MAKOWSKI (see 'Powerage' review) with research tea

'Rush by Brian Harrigan (Omnibus, £3.50) *Having worked with Harrigan on 'Encyclopedia Metallica', I'm not at all surprised that the author has come up with a well-written documentary on a band he knows better than most. However, I've also got to admit that this is overall a very disappointing effort. It reads like an extended press biography, painting this trio as paragons of rockist virtue. There's no attempt to get underneath the surface and expose the men behind the star masks. Equally, the design is blandly mediocre, the photo choice is arbitrary, and the reproductioon, especially of the colour shots, is amateurish in the extreme. Not a bargain by any means. I can think of far better ways of filling your Xmas stockings.* **MD.**

'Powerage' by Ross Halfin & Pete Makowski (Eel Pie, £4.99p). *In Heavy Metal terms, every picture can be made to tell either a whole pack of lies or else the naked truth. The near-legendary Ross 'donut' Halfin has made a habit of coming up with the most outrageous, excessive, hilarious photos in rock. It seems he can get megastars to do things totally out of character. And this is a fine collection of some of his most 'impressive' works. With some suitably OTT words supplied by Pete 'What's A Deadline' Makowski, and highly appropriate captions, this should provide hours of amusement whilst your're waiting for the Queen's speech. Oh yeah, and watch out for a gross pic of* Kerrang's! *own Geoff Banks totally zonked out at Reading. This shot alone is worth the retail price!* **MD**

'The Second Album Cover Album' by David Howells, Roger Dean, Storm Thorgeson (Paper Tiger, £7.95p). *You might well remember the first volume of this series, put out in 1977. This is the authors' attempt to follow-up on what's been happening in the world of record cover design since then, and a mightly job they've done too. The artwork has been split into relevant sections, each replete with a short, highly readable introduction, while great efforts have been made to ensure that each page contains reproductions with a common theme. And, the quality of the printing is excellent, as it should be for this price.*

Of course, there are glaring omissions, and HM fans may feel a mite peeved at the rather sparse numbers of this genre's album sleeves chosen here. For intance, where is the 'Night Of The Demon' cover, or the 'Chase The Dragon' design? But, overall, this would make a neat pressie for a loved one. **MD**

'Led Zeppelin – In Their Own Words' by Paul Kendall (Omnibus, £2.95p). *Sometimes I think Omnibus have cornered the market in rock 'n' roll publishing bilge. This is just a collection of old quotes literally thrown together into a godawful lay-out to which some terribly reproduced photos have been added. Unless you fancy being ripped off, ignore this one at all costs!* **MD**

'Black Sabbath' by Chris Welch (Proteus, £ 99p). *Now, this is more like it. Our very own Chris Welch has come up with a fascinatingly written biography that documents the rise, fall, and resurrection of the good old Sabs. And I'm not just saying that 'cos I get a namecheck!*

With some misty'eyed memorabilia from the distant past acting as a useful adjunct to the text and photos, this is a fine buy. The only real gripe I've got is in the balance.

So much time is spent painstakingly documenting the early years of the band that the' past five years or so in their chequered history is almost raced through at an embarrasing rate. And, on occasions, there is a tendency for Welch to view certain controversial events from only one perspective. For example, Jim Simpson, the band's first manager, is painted as a whiter-than-white angel, whose only fault was perhaps an endearing naivety, whilst his successor Patrick Meehan is made to look like a latter-day Al Capone. Both views are perhaps a mite distorted. But, that is only a minor quibble. **MD**

'The Authorised Biography - Status Quo by John Shearlaw (Sidgwick & Jackson, £6.95p). *An updated 20th anniversary edition that lavishly covers the entire Quo career. A must for all fans, I'd have thought. Of course, there is a tendancy to give a very rose-tinted view of the band. But then, that's inevitable with any authorised version. The plain fact is that if you get a band's co-operation for a book, they'll give you all the help you need, but expect the final draft to come down very much on their side. However, there's nothing else on the market which even remotely deals with Quo in such a thorough fashion. So, a hit, I'd say.* **MD**

'Ted Nugent' by Robert Holland (Savoy Editions, £2.95p). *A flimsy, badly-written, poorly illustrated waste of time. Flip through it in a book shop if you must, but this is certainly not worth considering as a means of off-loading those Xmas book tokens!* **MD**

'HM A-Z by Brian Harrigan (Bobcat Books, £3.50p). *The problem in trying to document Heavy Metal bands chronologically, with brief histories, line-ups, and album releases, are abundant. Not least for the fact that in the changing music scene a book is out-of-date literally days after publication. Here, Brian Harrigan only scratches at the surface of HM. He writes informatively, with no personal prejudice apparent, but this simple relation of facts would make less than exciting reading were it not for the odd hilarious mistake. Triumph's Mike Levine has joined April Wine it would seem, and Bill Church wasn't in the original Montrose line-up, I'm told! News for Nuggets, and fair as a quick reference book.* **HJ**

'Queen – The First 10 Years' (Babylon Books £3.95p) and 'Queen's Greatest Pix' (Quartet Books £3.95p). *A literary Osbourne/Dio scenario in evidence here as officialdom battles it out with free enterprise (or is called 'exploitation'?).*

'The First 10 Years' is currently the subject of legal action from the Queen camp and I can well see why. The book's band history, written by one Mike West, is fan adulation of the lowest order – and he's probably never even heard the group's albums, unable as he is to make one valid critical judgement of their work. The photographs are of a good standard but span only the last two or three years with virtually nothing from the long-haired 'Heavy Metal' Queen.

'Greatest Pix', by contrast, while containing little written fodder as suggested by the title at least has an air of objectivity. Short pieces, written by respected figures in the biz, are well-constructed and free of sycophantic superlatives. Photos (mainly by Neal Preston) span the career of one of the world's most popular bands effectively, making the book a worthwhile project. **HJ**

'Whitesnake' by Tom Hibbert (Omnibus Press. £1.95p). *While being no great lover of Whitesnake's yawnsome blues/rock (bar their excellent singles and live double), this book(let) is nonetheless a good read. Hibbert's detailed research into the background of 'Snake personalities is interesting, revealing exactly why the band's sound is definitely not run-of-the-mill heavy headache fodder. But a poor layout comprising snakeskins with everything does nothing to disguise the fact that there's very little writing. Pics, however, are excellent as Coverdale is so incredibly photogenic. So worthwhile for a fan.* **HJ**

'Kiss' by John Swenson (Hamlyn Paperbacks. £0.95p). *While Robert Duncan's 'Kiss Of Death' Kisstory concentrates on overblown baloney, calling Kiss' show 'an unholy shattering of the night', Swenson's book mercifully refrains from taking mere mortals into another dimension. Rather it depicts the grind and slog that finally took Kiss to the top (often forgotten by some schmucks).*

There are some interesting quotations from both band and Yankee journalists, all attempting to explain the phenomenon and all failing. A good buy, but a pity it's not up to date.

'Motorhead – Born To Lose – Live To Win!' (Babylon Books £1.25p) and 'Motorhead' (Babylon Books £2.95p). *Both compiled by head 'head fan Alan Burridge, 'Born. .' is very much the prototype for the more detailed 'Motorhead'. The former features a short biography, poor layout, but many interesting photos and is another addition to the endless list of*

Motorhead collectors items.

'Motorhead' is a superior publication (and yes, you pay more for it.) Detailed discographies, more rare photos and the fact that the book is up to date (bar the very latest 'Iron Fist' LP) will appeal. The blurb on the back cover – isn't an idle boast, which makes a change. **HJ**

'Meat Loaf': Jim Steinman And The Phenomenology Of Excess' by Sandy Robertson (Omnibus Press £2.50p). Soundster Sandy Robertson has finally gotten around to writing the book on his favourite double act. After reading the opus, I feel it's a self-indulgent analysis of the gruesome twosome's careers, that's probably very aesthetically satisfying for Sandy and I hope it sells for his sake!

What you get is mucho waffly rubbish about Wagner, Nazis and Peter Pan and such ludicrous quotations from Steinman as 'Wagner wasn't as bad as his reputation. I mean Richard Strauss, now he was a real vicious anti-semite and a real maniac.' I know, it's only rock 'n' roll, but there aren't even any good photos. **HJ**

'Led Zeppelin – In The Light' by Howard Mylett and Richard Bunton (Proteus Books £4.50p) Although more heftily priced than the other books on offer here, 'In The Light' is without a shadow (groan) of a doubt the best of the bunch. Written by two fans with panache and style, it gives detailed histories of all the members, while each Zeppelin release is analysed with a critical, yet loving eye and all is gloriously topped off with photographs which span the whole of Zep's career. An essential purchase and a fine piece of work. **HJ**

VIDEOS

reviewed by Chas De Whalley.

IF YOU ask me, it's all a bit like the emperor's new clothes, this video business. Everybody seems so convinced that it will prove a shot in the arm for the music industry but nobody has yet dared question the golden goose and wonder whether rock, in particular, is really that suited to the electron screen. I mean, be honest, how many times have you seen the larger-than-life, sweaty excitement of a rock'n'roll band in full flight faithfully reproduced inside twenty three inches?

The short answer is not often because when it's not treated solely as a three minute explosion of teenage ephemera – like Top Of The Pops – rock rarely works on TV.

More than mere music is required. Variety is the key to success in the audio-visual game, the kind of quick-fire variety that often makes the commercial breaks better than the programmes, and Queen's video album **'Queen's Greatest Flix' (TVD 90-05042)** has more than its share.

A compilation of their classic promotional shorts, interspaced with some live footage from, I think, the 'Jazz' tour, this was inspired by the release of Mercury, May, Taylor and Deacon's Greatest Hits LP. It has everything from 'Bohemian Rhapsody' with its visual allusions to the Turin Shroud and Freddie's beautiful blue nail varnish to the bikes 'n' birds of 'Crazy Little Thing Called Love' and sixteen more besides. Obviously a good listen, it's also a good watch too. By far the best of all the rock videos currently available for sale or rent.

Mind you, **Jethro Tull's 'Slipstream' (CVIM VHI)**, released by Chrysalis, gives it a good run for its money. It claims, somewhat wildly, to present something 'conceptual from start to finish with a coherent storyline', only there's something slightly ridiculous about Aqualung, Ian Anderson's favourite old dosser, wandering through cosmic landscapes haunted by visions of rocket powered Hammersmith Odeons and harassed by female thought police in leather underwear!

But within that framework Tull, and producers Terry Ellis and David Mallett, have come up with what is purely and simply a good hour's entertainment: 10 songs ranging from the heavy rock of 'Aqualung' itself to the folksier 'Songs From The Wood', lots of hallucinatory special effects as well as recent live footage all back up Anderson's old assumption that Jethro Tull are one of this country's most original and intelligent rock bands.

By comparison **Roger Daltrey's 'Ride A Rock Horse' (VCL V078B)** is a more static affair. It's only 30 minutes long and it showcases material from the Who singer's Seventies' solo album of the same name. But it still benefits from being concise and compact – and variegated.

But from here on in it's a slippery slope downwards. With the exception of a couple of Alice Cooper cassettes I've been unable to track down, everything else currently available to the heavy rock fan for sale or rent is, to all intents and purposes, film of live gigs. And they frequently pale into insignificance on the small screen.

By far the best is British, of course, and that's the thirty minute **Motorhead** extravaganza on Bronze (BVI 2001). Strictly speaking, of course, it's not 'live' because it soon becomes obvious that Lemmy and the lads are only playing along with backing tapes of 'Overkill', 'No Class', 'Ace Of Spades' and 'The Chase Is Better Than The Catch' and that the wild audience applause is simply dubbed on. But it's nevertheless quite remarkable how photogenic Lemmy's cavities are and what fire and furry Motorhead's producer Keef has conjured up out of a few shapes, simple lighting and a smoke machine. Quite magic.

Canada's **April Wine ('Live In Concert' EMI 90-0645-2)** try very hard too. They conduct some idiotic interviews while riding round London in an open-top bus prior to their January 1981 show at Hammersmith, but once onstage they present themselves as one helluva professional outfit and director Derek Burbridge does them proud with a selection of digital effects which make numbers like 'Future Tense' and Crimso' old '21st Century Schizoid Man' quite breathtaking.

There's no technical trickery to be seen on BBC video's **'Rock Flashback – Deep Purple: California Jam'** – just 77 minutes of the Glenn Hughes, David Coverdale line-up playing Los Angeles open air in 1974. An atmosphere of real class permeates Purple's performance through 'Burn', 'Mistreated', 'Smoke On The Water' and 'Space Trucking' while the camera watches dispassionately, even when Blackmore smashes up two brand new Stratocasters and sets his amp ablaze.

Nazareth aren't very often in the news here nowadays. But in America, where **'Nazareth Live' (VCL Z254G)** was shot, they go down a storm because they manage to cut their bitter-sweet Scots pop rock with the sort of showmanship and skill that connects with US audiences. Vocally and musically they are superb and Dan McAfferty's rendition of 'Love Hurts' aims straight at the heart. Their version of JJ Cale's 'Cocaine' must be the heaviest piece of acoustic boogie ever.

As for Paul Di'anno, I don't think he had any breath left after **Iron Maiden** recorded **'Live At The Rainbow' (EMI TVF 90-5002-2)** He stamps and sweats through 'Killers', 'Remember Tomorrow', 'Phantom Of The Opera' and others but it's hard to make out a note of what he sings. The rest of the band look a little awkward too, not half as polished back in 1980, as they are .ow. But the camera angles do their best to make this thirty minutes of crude excitement.

Unlike **'Never Say Die – In Concert' (VCL M060B)** the filmed account of **Black Sabbath's** 10th anniversary tour when it hit Hammersmith Odeon. Maybe it's just my prejudices at play but this is really turgid. Ozzy Osbourne's bloated face fills the screen as he bawls out 'War Pigs', 'Black Sabbath' and 'Paranoid' with scant regard for tuning. Tony Iommi muscles some camera time but then only does his reputation terrible damage with some of the worst lead guitar playing I've ever heard.

Which leaves us with two **Thin Lizzy** videos **'In Concert'** and **'Live And Dangerous'** which were out-of-stock at reviewing time and **Billy Squier's 'Live In The Dark' (EMI TVE 90-0932-2)** which is quite atrocious. Not because it's bad but because it's so boring and bland it makes you despair for the state of American rock.

All available on the VHS format at prices ranging between £30 and £40, any of these videos represent fantastic value to true blue fans. But unless an hour in the company of the Sabs or thirty minutes with Maiden is your idea of heaven, your best bet is to hire before you buy.

Invite your mates round, get in a few beers (or whatever else takes your fancy) and settle back into your armchair. And if you feel a tap on your shoulder it won't be a bouncer telling you to stop banging your head. It'll be your mum telling you to turn it down!

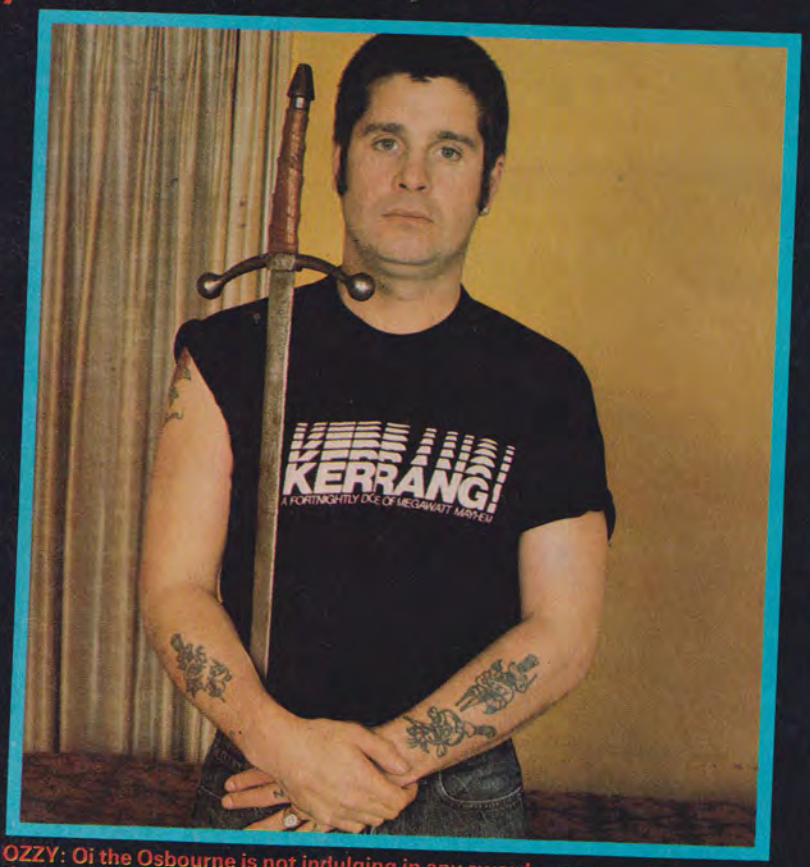
THE GOD, THE MAD & T

Powerage Paraphernalia – T-shirts, sweatshirts and patches – as w

RITCHIE: The mean, moody mayhem maestro who brought you '16th Century Greensleeves' comes up to date with a more 'armless Kerrang! orientated version (i.e. the maninblack demonstrates that he's head'n'shoulders above the rest in the sleeveless variety of the K!-shirt!!)

THE LUV-ER-LY

rn by real men (and women)!



OZZY: Oi the Osbourne is not indulging in any sword or sorcery, in fact the large implement of the Arthurian era protruding from his strides is a warning to anyone who calls the bog-brush bonce 'Gal Gonad'. "Heads will roll," frothed the demented one who in his carnivorous fervour, accidently lopped off one of the sleeves from a standard Kerrang! T-shirt.

KELLY 'Farrah Fawcett' Johnson, fast fingered feline axe madamoiselle, points out two good reasons why all you demonic dames should immediately lay your hands on one of these superb Kerrang! sweatshirts to keep your baubles nice'n'warm this chilly Christmas. And boys, don't feel excluded: Kelly also points out that these garments are unisexual (No, that's not the title of a Hawkwind song, dummy!)

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KOMMUNICATI

Say it loud to Kommunication, Kerrang!, 40 Long Acre, London WC2

pic by Chris Walter

BETSY of Bitch handcuffs herself to the Kerrang! office 'interview couch' in suffragette-style protest against sexist pictures while staff members discuss contents of next issue (see first letter).

A FEW issues ago you had some girl we've never heard of called Lee Aaron flashing her boobs on your centrespread. Then you have Witchfinder General and some Page Three girl . . . . what's going on? This is a rock magazine, for God's sake. Not *Mayfair* or *Fiesta*. Not all heavy rock fans are blokes and we're sure even your male readers don't buy *Kerrang* just for naked women. Clean up your act or we'll organise a squad of avenging female rockers to descend on your office and cut off your . . . allowances. – **Julie and Pat, Watford.**

I CAN'T tell you how good it makes us feel to know that people haven't forgotten Tommy Bolin. Simon Robinson, with the help of others, did a remarkable job covering Tommy's playing and recording history, (as well as his up bringing and the life-style he chose to lead). And we thank you.

It's been six years now, since Tommy left us, and it's been lonely and sometimes hard to be without him. But to know that people still care, still want to hear his music and still want to know more about him, will make our memories of him shine brighter and will remember us all to the love he left behind. – **Sincerely, Johnnie Bolin and family.**
P.S. Tommy was born August 1st, 1951.

MOTORHEAD have been slagging off Eddie completely in various articles, which I think is rather unfair. For seven years Eddie was alright, but now he's gone he seems to be the worst guitarist ever. I saw Motorhead with Brian Robertson Leiden in October but I haven't noticed anything special in his playing that Eddie didn't have, except a total lack of show and walking to the side of the stage after each song apparently asking how it should be played. I don't want to start a Róbbo v. Eddie scrap I just don't think he's that much better.

Last point: What the hell are Genesis, John Cougar and Neil Young doing in an HM mag (*Kerrang!* No.27)? No.32 will probably feature a great Abba poster and articles on Musical Youth and Earth, Wind & Fire, I suppose. Or do you think Diana Ross is heavier? I thought *Kerrang!* was an HM magazine! More on Priest, Accept and Vandenberg! – **Sicca Swen, Hoorn, Holland.**
How did you find out about the Abba poster? – Ed.

THANKS for the fine article on Tommy Bolin. I have been waiting for a comprehensive article on him for some time. Bolin has been virtually ignored by the rock media in his own country – leave it to the Heavy Metal specialists to do it up right! I saw Tommy live dozens of times, from the days when Ethereal Zephyr played Boulder pizza joints for beer money, through the underrated Energy, James Gang, infrequent Zephyr reunions, right up through Deep Purple and his last solo gigs, supporting Blue Oyster Cult just four days before his death in Miami. His music meant a lot to all of us in the Rocky Mountain area, so again, thanks.

By the way, Zephyr just released their fourth album (their first in ten years) on their own Red Sneakers label. There is also a non L.P. cut on a local sampler, 'Thunder On The Mountain' (scarce, even around here). Tommy's "Foxbat" is also supposed to be available as a bootleg. Tommy also played on the first album by Canada's Moxy.

As for me, I'm a (gasp!) 30 year old, first generation headbanger (something of an old fart judging by most of your mail). I have been playing lead guitar in area bands for years. No gold or platinum yet, but still trying!

I would love to hear from all U.K. headbangers, male or female, any age, into Iron Maiden, MSG, Randy Rhoads, Bernie Torme, Rory Gallagher (especially!), Blackmore, etc. etc. Would especially like to hear from female guitarists, as my wife has taken up playing and would like feedback from lady axe-slingers. – **Jim Allen, 410 Crestone Lane 36, Colorado Springs, Colorado, U.S.A.**

ABOUT TWO and a half years ago an organization was set up called 'The Somewhere Near Morpeth Ozzy People' (TSNMOP) – its function being to implement the world dominance of a (then) new group, Blizzard Of Ozz. Members of said society were (to say the least) amused by the article headed 'Dove will tear us apart' that appeared in *Sounds* (18/4/81) and the subsequent OTT behaviour of one O.Osbourne Esq. Admittedly these stunts became a little tedious, but the complaints from 'ex-Ozzy fans' seemed a bit pathetic.

Recently rumours began that a double live album was on the way complete with the late lamented Randy Rhoads on guitar. "It'll be my tribute to Randy," assured Ozzy. *Kerrang!* then reported that it was to contain only old Sabbath songs, re'recorded by Blizz on the second (or was that the 222nd) US tour. This piece of information was backed up by the opening riff of 'Sympton Of The Univers' (Friday Rock Show 12/11/82). We at TSNMOP were not happy, however, with the dubious vocals and dodgy guitar sound. Mr Vance spilt the proverbial beans by saying" . . . featuring Brad Gillies on guitar . . . what — some tribute to Rhoads!

Now it seems we must accept that this is simply a cash-in-while-you-can album aimed at stealing sales from the prospective Sabbath live album 'Evil Live'. And *who* was it said live albums were a rotten concept . . . "You can't create the atmosphere of a live gig" . . . ? You only need one guess; Ozzy.
I never thought we at TSNMOP would have cause to write to *Kerrang!*, least of all to slag Ozzy, but here it is in black and white. This is not the first letter on the subject, and it is unlikely to be the last. – **Mav, one-time ardent Ozzy fan, now disillusioned, but still able to appreciate the music of Mk.1 Blizzard.**

AFTER SAVING up all my pennies I found I had to make a choice between a new pair of school shoes (lovely) or a ticket to Gillan (what a choice), so I decided on the ticket. Since it was her money Mummypoohs wasn't too pleased (that accounts for the black eye – joke). So I trotted along to the Glasgow Appolo dragging along Trisha (hi there). After being flung out 20 times or so, we made our way to the front. On came Gillan – scream! Then it was time for a wee solo by Janick Gers (orgasm). Angus Young move over, at least Mr Gers doesn't spray sweat over the first fifteen rows.

So there we were, watching this tremendous guy when some poser behind us (and I hope he's reading this) started shouting out crap like "Bring back Bernie Torme!" Here's some advice to him and any like him – jump out in front of the next bus and put yourselves out of your misery. Then this idiot (same one) sang through the whole concert. He's the only guy I've ever heard who's managed to sing flat and sharp at the same time!

Here's something to think about if you're even now rushing to grab a pen to write and complain about this. OK, Bernie Torme is pretty good but *Janick Gers* (pant, pant) !!! Try climbing an amplifier and at the same time play a guitar with your feet. Well Janick, you've got someone out here who loves you. – **Islay (yeah, it's not my fault, I didn't christen myself), Uddington.**

I'VE NEVER written to any magazine before, this shows how strongly I feel. I've read nearly every issue and nowhere in all I've read, have I seen mentioned the late 'Alex Harvey' and his Sensational Band. He died a natural death, due to dog hard work and completely clapped himself out, not dying over drugs or drink. I know he's old hat now, but he made some

ON

ace albums in the 1970's. I was too young to be there but I remember him on TOTP doing 'Delilah' whilst eating a flower, ah memories, born too late I suppose. Please let's have something that's not just loud HM but classy rock – **Timbo, somewhere in Polytechnicland. Luton, Bedfordshire.**

I'LL KEEP my point simple: more vintage rock and hippy articles. Features on Hendrix, Cream, Clapton, Free, Zeppelin, Purple, Floyd, vintage Sabbath, Who, Genesis, Yes and ELP please. These acts made heavy rock and in their time will do more than some of the modern bands. I don't want to cause a civil war amongst the clan but I feel this point had to be made. I'm also sick to death of people taking the mickey out of hippies, especially young ones like myself. Heavy rock is very much like wine – the older it gets, the stronger it becomes. – **A young *Kerrang!* reader with stars in his eyes.**

MR GETT-LOST. On this day, 4th November 1982 A.D., you are charged in the High Court of Techno-Rock under the 1970 Isle of Wight Law (Stupid Comments Regulations), with bringing the good name of Carl Palmer into disrepute. In *Kerrang!* No.28, you posed the question: "Is that drum solo really necessary?" Our considered opinion is: OF COURSE IT WAS BLOODY NECESSARY!!!

OK, we accept that you like Asia, a point in your defence, but Carl Palmer is as much a part of the group as anyone else, and the drum solo is the jewel in his crown. He is the best percussionist in rock without exception: YOU PROVE OTHERWISE! A drum solo of these proprtions will always appeal to ELP fans (during the course of the one on October 27, we gave him Three standing ovations at Wembley) and its omission would have been unthinkable. Obviously, to a mere cretin like yourself, it meant nothing.

At Wembley the bond between Palmer and his audience was obvious, and over-indulgence was nowhere in sight. So next time, before attacking the master percussionist, try stirring your brain, not just shaking it into submission. This letter is bound to be slagged by those brainless morons into Heavy Metal (an abortion of Heavy Rock) but it is time that those of us who love our music stood up to be counted and quit following the masses. Still, c'est la vie. – **The Three Fates, Clotho, Lachesis & Atropos, Palais de Danse, Jerusalem, England.**

FLICKING through Britain's loudest No. 28, I was confronted with Cloven Hoof, 'the new Kiss, or just a bunch of hoofers'. Both, methinks, as I have no respect for the masked wonders, and come to think of it, serious doubt about the – erm, masculinity of all Glamsters.

Further investigation revealed the second pile of crud in *Kerrang,* i.e. the wimpy Wrathchild. Whatever happened to the 'getting up and performing in your jeans' theory? (not to be taken too literally). Not only that, but Twisted Sister on the back, what a crudder he looks eh?
Now all the above can be explained away by either 1) All *Kerrang* staff are really raving Nigels and people who aren't quite normal or 2) all *Kerrang* staff love insulting honest Rockers with colour snaps of lipstick-wearing plonkers.

The last straw came in Paul Suter's review of some album. Maybe the Yorkshire life is too hard on darling Pauly, or possibly the Penine rain would spoil his hairdo. I dunno, but whatever it is it doesn't give the wimpy Southerner the right to criticise Huddersfield for being boring. Has he never heard of the White Lion, the by now surely famous venue for heavy groups in our hallowed ville? – **Bilbs, on behalf of all Huddersfield Heavies.**

THERE WAS an interesting letter in *Kerrang!* No. 28 from a couple of Wishbone Ash fans, and that band deserve to be congratulated on their "it's the fans that count" attitude. In contrast, the Blackhearts, Joan Jett in particular, appeared extremely arrogant on and OFF stage. Joan especially seems quite willing to talk to music press, national papaers, local radio stations and so on. But she can't be bothered to talk to the people who matter, the few that spend their money on singles, albums, concerts, T-shirts etc., the same few who supported the Runaways when Joan was a virtual nobody. It's particularly galling as very, very few people stayed behind to wait after the show. If that's gonna be your attitude well naff off Joan Jett and let's hope Cherie Currie and Vicki Blue's band make it to these shores sometime soon. – **An ex-Blackhearts fan.**
P.S. Anymore Hawkwind features and I'll emigrate to Siberia and take out a three year subscription to *Melody Maker!* Don't spoil an otherwise excellent mag.

PLEASE, PLEASE, please!! Give us more Quo. For all the publicity they've 'ad in *Kerrang!* you'd think they were beginners – well this may come as a surprise to you but they've been going 20 years!! When was the last feature? It was so far back that my copy of that *Kerrang!* has cobwebs all over it! Why are all these unknowns keeping a truly great band and essential pillar of the British rock establishment out of your crummy mag? We (the Quo denim army) would like to see more colour e.g. glossy centrespreads of Rossi 'n' Co. Even everyone that hates Quo will have to agree when I say that when the day comes for Quo to finish they will leave a huge gap in the rock scene, they will not be replaced, they are invincible and they'll be sorely missed!!

On their day they can blow the best band's to bits on stage. Francis Rossi (our God) could kill idiots like Page, Blackmore, Van Halen and all the other creeps who think they've made it e.g. Iron Maiden, Saxon. Anyone who saw the NEC concert will testify to that, Quo were dynamite! Messrs Rossi, Parfitt, Lancaster, Kircher and Bown are the best things to happen to rock since the invention of the electric guitar! The Quo record speaks for itself. Please put the record right – more Quo in your mag! The magic of the 12 bar lives on!! – **A dedicated Quo fan who hates Led Zeppelin and Santana (who doesn't?)**

NOW THAT I can play three chords, I think I'll start my own band. I'll call the band Boozaka (it took me years to think that one up!) and I'll be the lead guitarist, so I'll play a flying V of course. Now what to wear on stage? Got it: black leather jacket, funny patterned t-shirts, jeans and white-pointed boots . . . . No, I've got a better idea. We'll put make-up on our faces – now *that's* different!

Interested out there? Want more info? Then find us on the 'Armed & Ready' page if you can. Get the point? – **The Gong, Bermondsey, London.**
Is this man trying to tell us something?

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SLADE

"Merry Christmas Everybody"

Are you hanging up a stocking on your wall
It's the time that every Santa has a ball
Does he ride a Red Nose Reindeer
Does a ton up on his sleigh
Do the fairies keep him sober for a day

So here it is Merry Christmas
Everybody's having fun
Look to the future now
It's only just begun

Are you waiting for the family to arrive
Are you sure you've got the room to spare inside
Does your Granny always tell ya
That the old songs are the best
Then she's up and Rock n' Rollin' with the rest

So here it is Merry Christmas
Everybody's having fun
Look to the future now
It's only just begun

What will your Daddy do
When he sees your Mamma kissing Santa Claus
Ah ah.....

Are you hanging up a stocking on your wall
Are you hoping that the snow will start to fall
Do you ride on down the hillside
In a buggy you have made
When you land upon your head then you bin sleighed

So here it is Merry Christmas
Everybody's having fun
Look to the future now
It's only just begun

Repeat ..... It's Christmas ....

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